CHICAGO LEDGER

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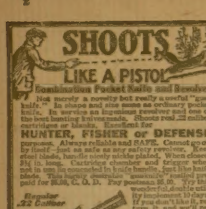
The AVENGERS

By HEADON HILL



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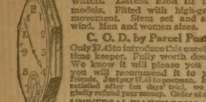

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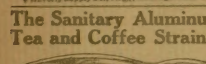

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The Last Clean Frock.

A VERY miserable little girl stood looking out at the sunny lawn sloping down to the river and at a rowboat, with some boys in it, moored to a big flat rock running out into the water.

Janet, the nurse, was holding up a pretty white dress while Elsie's mother gravely said:

"This is the last of your clean dresses, my little daughter. You have soiled and torn six this week; and last week's wash has not been sent home yet. I must forbid you to go off the piazza after Janet has dressed you, or else you will not be fit to appear with the other children in the parlor after dinner—and particularly want your great-aunt and uncle to see you, my one little girl. Now, remember, you are not to play with the dogs, nor climb on the railings; nor even go one step off the piazza."

"Oh, dear," sighed Elsie, "there comes the boys in the boat."

"Do not even think of the boat!" said her mother, and went out of the room.

Janet carefully dressed the little girl in the last clean frock, and then, taking her sewing with her, sat down under the trees.

Elsie went onto the piazza and peeped into the great hall to see the guests after the dinner guests, led by her grandmamma and a strange, tall old gentleman, pass into the drawing-room. She tried to make her mother notice her, but could not, and as the last dress train disappeared she moved to the open doorway, and all bows and smiles, Elsie began to wish she had some one there whom she could ask about those people.

She looked down into the house for her cousin Marion, but could not find her, nor was she to be seen in the garden; but returning to the piazza Elsie saw her beloved playmate walking down towards the rock where the boat had been lying.

Marion also was dressed prettily, and stepped daintily over the lawn.

Elsie called to her, but she did not hear, and forgetting her mother's commands the naughty little girl ran swiftly down the piazza steps and soon overtook her cousin.

Marion was full of excitement and cried out: "Oh, Elsie, the boys have been crabbing, and Billy says they have caught the biggest one he ever saw."

They both hurried to the rock, where the boys were counting the crabs, throwing the small ones back into the water, and in the end kept the four drifting away from the rock. The little girls cried out in joyful surprise when they looked in to the pail and saw the great crabs with their funny pincers clawing at each other, but Billy said: "Oh, they're nothing to what I've got here. You ought to see these two monsters!"

Instantly the two little girls leap from the rock into the boat; but, alas, she struck it on the side, pushing it far off, and fell sprawling in the water.

It was not deep, and the boys soon pulled her out; but the rock was covered with slimy green sea-weed, and, oh, what a sight was Elsie from head to foot.

Janet, who at this moment came running up, said: "Miss Elsie, little lady, how could you be such a naughty girl, and

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The Avengers—*A Story of Love, Mystery and Intrigue*

By Headon Hill

"I Got a Glimpse of Him as He Was Aiming From the Boundary Wall."

[Copyright by B. W. Dodge & Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE WINDOW IN THE STRAND.

A DIMINUTIVE, sharp-eyed boy was dusting a well-worn, leather-covered easy chair in the outer office of Mr. John Quayne, the eminent London private detective. The chair stood in the embrasure of an old-fashioned bay window on the first floor, and when he had removed the last speck of dust [illegible] few of the great thoroughfare to any other article of furniture.

Having finished his task, he bent down and with solemn fervor kissed the seat of the chair.

"What on earth are you doing, Badger?" came the amused inquiry from a man who had entered from the passage, and who at sight of the boy's strange performance had paused on his way to the private office beyond.

"Seeing if there was any dust left on the chair," responded Badger diffidently, rising with a shamefaced blush. He had no great faith in the efficacy of his white lie, for his belief in his employer's omniscience dominated all his emotions—save one.

Mr. Quayne shrugged his shoulders and passed into his sanctum with a smile that set the lad's cheeks flaming a deeper red. As a student of human nature the detective would have been blind indeed if he had not noticed Badger's youthful passion for the beautiful girl who for the past few months had sat regularly three or four mornings a week at the window in the outer office. The smile faded on John Quayne's strong, clean-shaven face into a look of keen concentration as he opened the first of the pile of letters on his desk.

"Ah!" he muttered, running his eye over the gilt-monogrammed notepaper. "The young rascal puts his on top. I suppose, because he knows her handwriting. Well, he will have to make the most of his time today if she means this. Personally I shall not be sorry to be off a case which never quite appealed to me."

The letter which he held in his hand ran:

"Grand Mansions,
"16th Septr., 1902.

"Dear Mr. Quayne—

"I shall come to your office tomorrow and make one final attempt to achieve my purpose. If I am not successful I must abandon the idea altogether.

"Yours faithfully,
"MARION FERMOR."

Quayne laid the note aside, finished his correspondence, gave instructions to one or two assistants, and putting on his hat went out to attend to a big bond robbery which he was investigating. As he passed through the anteroom he glanced at the window. It was still unoccupied, and the office boy was hovering about disconsolate.

"Cheer up, Badger," Quayne chaffed him. "She's coming this morning right enough."

"Same orders, sir?" the boy asked briskly, ignoring his chief's banter with a fine show of devotion to duty.

"Yes, hold yourself in readiness, as usual, to do just what she tells you," was the reply. And with a genial nod to his faithful little servant and admirer, John Quayne went out to wave his web around the quarry of the moment.

When his employer had departed, Badger stationed himself at the window and was presently rewarded by the sight of a smart private hansom drawing to the curb below. From the cab there leaped lightly on the pavement a lady, who, after a brief instruction to the driver, vanished into the house. The [illegible] lingered [illegible] and [illegible] towards him. Not till the girl who sat in it reached the top step did Badger disclose himself by a discreet cough.

"Your chair is all ready, miss. I've dusted it properly," he said, turning to usher the visitor into the office.

Marion Fermor caused Badger's heart to thump with the radiant smile she gave him. "I am sure you have, Billy; you always make me so comfortable," she said, as she entered the inner apartment with the careless step of one accustomed to her surroundings to the chair in the window. The boy preened himself at the use of his Christian name. This was the only one of the clients who had been clever enough to find it out—and use it.

The girl sat down in the chair and drew off her gloves, disclosing firm but delicate hands. She was in her twenty-third year, so that not one whit of the beauty, which on her coming of age had made old Martin Fermor's heiress the talk of the town, was lost. Her pure, virginal complexion, tinged with the warm blood of youth, tended to the brunette; her pouting red lips formed a veritable Cupid's bow; her figure, as she loosed her dainty driving cape, showed the sinuous charms of ripe but early womanhood; her voice was rich and sweet. A girl to be won and loved for herself, rather than for the two millions at her back; yet here she was in a private detective's ante-room, on friendly terms with the office boy—and with a purpose to achieve.

She made a slight alteration in the drapery of the lace curtains and focused her gaze on the opposite pavement, where the usual pedestrian traffic of the Strand was jostling, heaving and hurrying, eastwards and westwards, in two never-ending streams. The normal picture of the great human artery—the seamy side cheek by jowl with well-fed and well-dressed prosperity—was presented to the bright eyes at John Quayne's window, but it was always the seamy side that Marion Fermor's eyes sought and followed—the broken man with shabby boots, the "resting" actor and the shoddy-clad clerks. Her gaze dwelt even with greater intensity on lower levels still—on sandwich-men and beggars.

Suddenly she leaned forward, slightly parted the draped curtains, to gain a better view, then turned and beckoned Badger to her.

"That tall man in the shabby gray frock-coat—passing the hairdresser's. You see him?" she panted in great excitement.

"The broken-down toff?" assented Badger, half interrogatively.

"Yes; run out and bring him up. Say—oh, say anything. Say a lady wants to see him on business—something to his advantage."

"I tumble," responded John Quayne's understudy, and he suited the action to the word by literally tumbling down the stairs and out into the crowded Strand. Marion, her lips parted and a bright flush on either cheek, sat and watched him as he dodged into the traffic in the [illegible] bare coat.

"Billy's got him," cried the girl, clapping her hands with a sigh of relief. "He is the genuine article—if he will agree to terms."

And she schooled herself to outward composure while she waited for her youthful emissary to bring in the prize.

CHAPTER II.

"THE GENUINE ARTICLE."

WHEN Leslie Armytage had left his cheap room that day he had exactly twopence in the world. Unless Fortune smiled during the day even the shelter of "the poor man's hotel" would be debarred to him on the succeeding night. He would have to walk out into the country and sleep under a hedge or a haystack, for a seat on the Embankment was not to his liking.

The young man's appearance as he passed out into the street, tho none too prepossessing, did not denote the dire extremity of his need. His clothes were worn to the thread, but, being the work of a tailor of renown, they were making a gallant fight against the inevitable. Not till they dropped into shreds would they lose their distinction imparted by a cutter who was also an artist.

And it was the same with the wearer as with his clothes. Thin almost to emaciation from poor living, he carried himself almost jauntily, with a not-to-be-denied cavalry swing, as he turned his steps westward—instinctively, because of old habits, yet without present purpose. He had got to walk the streets, and he knew well walk those he knew—that was all.

For, human derelict as he was at eight-and-twenty, Leslie Armytage had committed no crime, nor even a social solecism, to make him ashamed to meet his fellow man. His was a simple story, and one far becoming all too hackneyed. The family solicitor had stolen the family cash, and from being the owner of the best pole ponies in the best polo regiment Leslie had descended by a few sharp gradients to being the owner of—twopence.

He had passed the Hotel Cecil when a well-dressed man who had followed him from the corner of Wellington street ranged alongside, took a good look at him, and fell back into a doorway, where he carefully scrutinised a cabinet photograph which he took from the breast-pocket of his coat.

The scrutiny seemed to satisfy him, for, replacing the photograph, he walked across to the postoffice nearly opposite and dispatched the following cablegram to an address in Chicago:—

"L. is loose again. Just seen him in the Strand. Send the others on."

In the meanwhile Leslie Armytage continued his walk westwards in complete ignorance of the interest he had aroused in the stranger's mind. Preoccupied with his own troubles, he had not noticed the man range alongside, or, if so, he had put it down to a case of mistaken identity speedily discovered. But he had not proceeded a hundred yards when he was once again accosted, this time by a lady, who [illegible] him by the sleeve.

"The ex-lieutenant wheeled round and saw a naturally impudent, but for the moment intensely earnest, face looking up at him. Billy Badger was bursting with the burden of a great responsibility.

"If you please, sir, a lady wants to see you over there—on business to your advantage," he panted.

Armytage glanced up vaguely. "Where's 'over there,' my lad?" he said kindly. The boy's manner struck him, but he failed to understand the message. He had no female relations able to be of the least advantage to him, and he had been perefectly heart-whole at the time of his downfall. He had ever been a sportsman rather than a lady's man, and no woman save his mother had been touched by his dropping out from the world that had known him.

"I'm with Mr. John Quayne, the detective. There ain't any error. The young lady is in his office," replied Badger proudly.

In common with every one Armytage knew Quayne's reputation, and it was good enough to assure him that, tho he might be the victim of a mistake, there was no double dealing at the back of the request. His curiosity was piqued, and, piloted by his youthful captor, he crossed the roadway.

"What is the lady's name?" he inquired ingenuously, as he mounted the stairs.

"Can't say," was the answer flung back by Badger over his shoulder.

"You'll rise in your profession, young man." Armytage laughed, as he stepped on to the landing.

A moment later he knew that the love had passed him by in the days of his wealth it had come to him now in his poverty, swift and sudden and very sure. That the tall girl who rose from the chair in the window was the one woman for him he knew almost before she had straightened herself to her full height to receive him. Leslie Armytage was the victim of one of those passions—not so uncommon as is generally supposed—which are none the less abiding because they have flashed into being "at sight." He had scarcely eaten anything for days past, and the violence of this hopeless emotion caused him to tremble and look anything but his best.

Marion on the other hand, who regarded Badger's captive merely as a pawn in the game she was playing, was a little eager but entirely businesslike.

"I hope that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in asking you to step up," she said. "But I thought that you might be willing to earn two thousand pounds. If not, I can only apologize very

deeply for the trouble I have given you."

Armytage with an effort pulled himself together and smiled. The thing sounded like a fairy story. "My appearance certainly warrants the supposition that money would be useful," he replied. "The sum you mention is a large one. May I ask what service you expect me to render in exchange for it, and, above all, why you have selected me?"

With a sigh of relief, Marion signed to Lindsay to leave the room and sat down, indicating a chair to Armytage, of which, however, he did not avail himself.

"Your first question I shall answer till you have heard what I require of you," she said, speaking rather fast. "I chose you because you exactly resemble some one whom I want you to represent—the gentleman, in fact, to whom I am engaged to be married. I arranged with Mr. Quayne to have the use of this window till I found the man for my purpose."

"I see," said Armytage, weakly, not seeing at all.

"I have been three months at it," Marion continued, "and you are the first one to pass the window so like Mr—as like the gentleman to whom I am engaged that it was worth while sending out to fetch you in. To put it briefly, and save your time if you decline my offer, he is in a lunatic asylum—not really mad, don't you know—and I want you to help me get him out."

The delicious feeling of romantic adventure which had been tugging at Armytage's heartstrings since he mounted the stairs crumbled to dust and ashes. How should it end when he was asked to assist in the liberation of one who must, at any rate, be a legally certified lunatic, and that the lunatic might marry this beautiful girl who had captured him body and soul? But there remained the offer, so tempting to one in his circumstances, of two thousand pounds.

"What is your proposal?" he asked, fingering his shabby bowler hat nervously.

"That you should feign madness and, having been duly certified, should be sent, at my expense, in any name you choose, to the same asylum," said Marion, watching closely the changing expressions on Armytage's face. "Then in a few months you would recover from the symptoms and be entitled to your discharge, but when the time came you would make use of your recollection of my friend and change places with him."

"Remaining in the asylum while he went free? That is rather a swift order."

"Two thousand pounds is rather full pay for a month's work," said Marion, with the cold eye of a business woman. "I have given you the worst of the bargain, and I will double the sum if you will help me."

Armytage rose from the chair and paced to the window. "Should I be expected to remain long in the asylum?" he hazarded at length.

"Certainly not. In a reasonable time, say a month, you would recover again and, of course, would be let out," replied Marion with an air of finality. "If, in your honest opinion, after you have consorted with him in the asylum, Nigel Lukyn—he is his name—is not right out of his mind you can consider the bargain off, and come out yourself instead of exhibiting place with him."

"I agree to that," responded Armytage crisply.

Marion rose with scarcely suppressed triumph. "I am so glad, and so much indebted to you," she cried. "Here is my card, and a fifty-pound note—just to tide you over, don't you know, till you go to the asylum. You really mustn't refuse it or I shall think you don't mean business. And, let me see, there's a nice quiet place where we can settle details without being observed. Lunch with me—and a fresher of Rule's to-morrow, will you?"

"A young lady who knows her way about," Armytage's mental comment. But aloud he said, with a faint smile: "The friend will be Mr. Quayne, I presume?"

It was the girl's turn to look shamefaced now. "Yes, he is so clever, he will arrange everything," she admitted shortly. "By the way," she added, rather to cover her confusion than because she really cared, "I don't know your name."

"I have not a card," was the somewhat stiff reply, "but I am Leslie Armytage, late of the 19th Hussars. Mr. Quayne is at liberty to make full inquiries as to character."

And he bowed himself out.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHOT FROM THE SHRUBBERY.

MARION'S arrangements for the substitution of Leslie Armytage for Nigel Lukyn progressed rapidly, and a fortnight after her discovery of the substitute she found herself in the train for Weybridge. Meanwhile the house had been taken for the furtherance of her design.

Quayne and Armytage were now at Pinecroft, as the house was called, awaiting the close of the final scene, which was to be enacted that night in the removal of "the patient" to Doctor Beaman's private establishment for the insane. No expense or trouble had been spared to make Armytage's commitment to the asylum so natural as to deceive the proprietor and his assistants. Armytage had taken up his residence at Weybridge in the assumed name of Arthur Clark, while Quayne for the time being called himself Mr. Vincent Smith, and posed as the younger man's uncle.

Marion had heard that morning that all preliminaries had been satisfactorily settled. Armytage had duly feigned insanity, and had been certified by two medical men and a magistrate as unfit to be at large. Doctor Beaman had consented to receive the latter in the capacity of "his uncle," and was going to send his carriage and a couple of keepers to remove him at 7 o'clock that evening. The object of Marion's journey was to give Armytage final messages for Nigel Lukyn—where he was to go, and what he was to do when, a few weeks later, he found himself free.

Yet, as the girl sat in the corner of her reserved compartment and gazed at the flying landscape, she was conscious of a diminished ardor for the scheme that had filled her life for the past few months. Now that she was on the high road to carrying her plan to a successful issue she began to analyze her motives, and she was rather startled by some of the answers she gave to her self-put questions.

"Was I—am I so much in love with Nigel as to account for my entering on this hare-brained venture?" she murmured, continuing after a pause. "I hardly think so; I had seen so little of him," again she of course he wasn't mad, he was quite odd and rude to me sometimes."

"I am afraid it was pique and wounded pride," she mused presently. "Pique that people were laughing at me because the man I had accepted was shut up in an asylum so soon after our engagement."

"Yes, I am afraid that it was pique rather than love that started me on this course," she sighed as the train ran into Weybridge Station. "It is too late to draw back now without looking a perfect fool, but—but I have sometimes come to wonder lately if I really wish to be married to Nigel at all."

From the next first-class compartment to that in which Marion had traveled there descended a short, dark-skinned, alert man of about five-and-thirty, who, in closing the door and raising his hat to a lady seated in the compartment he had quitted, inadvertently jostled Marion. Throwing a furtive glance at her, he muttered a hurried apology in a strong American accent from under a black moustache, and disappeared in the crowd of departing passengers.

"What fierce eyes!" was Marion's transient tribute to a personality that she did not expect to encounter again.

She hired a cab at the station gates, and was soon set down at the door of Pinecroft—a modern villa with a lawn and shrubbery and circular carriage-sweep facing the road. Quayne and Armytage came across the lawn towards her from the garden chairs where they had been sitting under the trees. The ex-hussar, in the new clothes that had been obtained for him to play his part, cut a different figure from the homeless wanderer of the Strand.

During the fortnight that had intervened Marion had had several interviews with him on the business in hand, sometimes in Quayne's presence and sometimes alone. They had lunched together in restaurants, and once, at her invitation, he had visited her at her flat. Regarding him at first merely as a passive instrument, she had unconsciously drifted into making comparisons between him and the man he was to personate, and gradually she had begun to feel interested in him for his own sake. The comparisons were not always in favor of Lukyn; for similar as the two were in appearance there was a modest chivalry in Armytage's demeanor towards her which had been lacking in Lukyn.

Once, in a moment of maidenly introspection, she had admitted to herself that if in happier circumstances she had seen Leslie Armytage first, Nigel Lukyn's masterful pleading in the dimly lit conservatory might met with a different answer.

And now as the tall, well-knit young man advanced to meet her, in sharp contrast with the spare figure and sloping shoulders of the celebrated detective at his side, the girl felt a pang of shame at having asked such a man to undertake such a task, and of regret that he should be so placed as to consent to undertake it. He looked more fit to lead a cavalry charge than to masquerade as a lunatic for hire.

Marion laughed a little nervously as she addressed the two men whom her money had brought to do her bidding.

"I ran down to have a few words with Mr. Armytage about what he is to say to Mr. Lukyn," she said. "I must go back by the 5.30 train."

"You wish me to be present?" asked Quayne shortly.

"I don't think that it's necessary," Marion answered, still with that nervous laugh. Quayne bowed and retired into the house. In the interests of his client he had satisfied himself that Armytage was playing fair, and he was not sorry that his own part in an exceedingly lucrative, but not altogether pleasing, case was drawing to a close. The "servants" in the house, male and female, were all careful selections from his highly trained staff of assistants, so that there was no need for any deception till Doctor Beaman's carriage arrived at 7 o'clock. It was now but half-past five.

Marion took one of the garden chairs and motioned Armytage to sit beside her.

"Mr. Quayne thinks that it will be all right if you pretend to be cured in about a month from now," she began. "Allowing time for the necessary formalities, the time for your release should come well inside two months."

"For Mr. Nigel Lukyn's release," Armytage corrected her gravely.

"Of course I meant that," said Marion, with a trace of annoyance in her tone. "I want you, please, to tell Mr. Lukyn to go down to Broadstairs as soon as he is free, and wire me to that effect. It is a quiet place, where I am not likely to be recognized, and I will run down and—and arrange for our marriage to take place as soon as possible. I ago too well known in London for it to be managed there without coming to Lady Lukyn's ears."

"He shall have your message, Miss Fermor," Armytage replied with an effort. Pauper as he was, the two thousand pounds had gone entirely out of his mind at that moment. He was thinking that he would give the world, if he had it, to stand in the shoes of the man at whose liberation he was conniving.

"He had better not sign the telegram," Marion continued, "or if he signs it he had better sign it in your name—to keep up the deception to the last."

"I will remember that," came Armytage's reply, his firm voice yielding no sign that every fiber of him [illegible] the girl—that he was pulling [illegible] who might be a paragon [illegible] all the virtues, yet was in the eye of the law a lunatic.

Marion did not speak again immediately, but made a pattern of holes in the turf with the point of her pretty sunshade. "That is all about Mr. Lukyn," she said after this thoughtful pause. "But now—you have been so kind to me, Mr. Armytage, and are doing such a horrid thing for me—I should like to know about you afterwards—after you leave the asylum yourself. I shall be married then, of course, but—but Nigel will owe you such a debt of gratitude, that we mustn't lose sight of you."

Was there a break in the gentle voice? Armytage was wondering, as he tried to steady himself for a conventional reply. He had no opportunity for a decision, and was nearly debarred from all future decisions by a bullet that chipped the top of his cane and went burning into a bed of geraniums and lobella on the lawn.

As he leaped to his feet, stung by the sudden pain, the crack of a pistol sounded, crisp and clear, from the shrubbery between them and the road.

The Delicious Feeling of Romantic Adventure, Which Had Been Tugging at Armytage's Heartstrings, Crumbled.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW PATIENT.

AT the sound of the shot, almost before Marion and Armytage realized what had happened, Quayne came running from the house. A glance told him that neither was seriously hurt, and he dashed past them into the shrubbery, to return, however, in less than a minute empty-handed. Armytage was stanching the blood from his grazed ear and trying to reassure Marion, who at first was greatly alarmed.

"The fellow was out of sight by the time I climbed to the top of the wall," said the detective. "He may have run down any one of three side roads that are close handy, and to have gone in a motor-car would take too much of time. I can get him later on—if he is wanted."

The last words were spoken significantly.

"I see what you mean, and as for me I don't concern myself," said Armytage promptly. "To catch him would entail police court proceedings, which would prevent the proposed cure here futile. The fellow must have been a schoolboy after cats, for there is no one who would take the trouble to shoot me of malice aforethought. I am not worth the powder, not to mention the shot."

"And I couldn't have been the intended target," said Marion, recovering her composure. "My next of kin and sole heiress at present is my only surviving

relative, Aunt Jane. I am sure the dear old thing doesn't want me dead."

"Well, it wasn't a school boy, and it wasn't a lady," said Quayne quietly.

"You saw him?" exclaimed both his hearers.

"I happened to be looking out of the dining room window and I got a glimpse of him as he was aiming from the top of the boundary wall," Quayne replied. "He caught my eye, and that probably disconcerted him. His description would fit a hundred men of the stock broker or city type, so I will not weary you with it. But I should know him again."

Marion Fermor made a wry face and glanced at Armytage. "What shall we do—command the felony, or give Mr. Quayne the word to track down our mysterious assailant?" she asked. And her eyes were severe as she spoke as she added: "It will be a quite legitimate opportunity for you to back out of your opportunity, if you wish."

"Thank you, Miss Fermor, I have no desire to go from my contract," the young man replied, grown very stately all at once.

"Then we will let bygones be bygones with the unknown gentleman," Marion rattled on, to hide her discomfiture at Armytage's manner. "I only hope he won't go and give himself up, for if so we shall have newspapers and people preaching at us about our duty to society."

The two men smiled grimly. The beautiful heiress would hear enough on that count when it leaked out sooner or later it was bound to do, that she had schemed to release her lover from a lunatic asylum. But there the matter was to end—by treating the shot from the shrubbery as an idle prank not worth investigation, instead of allowing it to hamper their main project.

A cab was sent for to convey Marion back to the station, and when she had taken her seat she put out her hand and said: "Good-by, Mr. Armytage. Do not forget what I was telling you when that unpleasant diversion occurred—that we must not lose sight of you when this is over."

"I am not likely to forget," replied Mr. Armytage gravely, as he closed the carriage door and raised his hat.

He and Quayne watched the vehicle drive away, and then the detective laid a hand on his arm and said: "You are a straight man, I believe, Mr. Armytage. I shall take your word if you repeat your assurance that you know of no secret enemy—that you did not, very pardonably, deny it to Miss Fermor in order to save her alarm."

"Not one, whatever under, and I certainly made no enemies in my poverty." "Thank you," replied Quayne. "Then I shall know what to do. If I am not grievously mistaken that shot was meant for your double—for Mr. Nigel Lukyn." "Perhaps Lukyn got himself put away in order to escape something of the kind," Armytage remarked.

The detective nodded.

"Perhaps" he said.

"If I find that Lukyn is a sane man, but haunted with the terror of assassination, what shall I do?" asked Armytage.

John Quayne reflected for fully a minute. "In that case," he said at length, "Lukyn would almost certainly refuse to avail himself of your assistance. There would be no need for it. Not being mad, he could as readily recover from his feigned insanity as yourself if it suited him to do so. In fact, his refusal to come out will be a clear proof that the gentleman who was in the shrubbery just now is a terror to him. Your course in these circumstances would be to inform him of what happened to you, and get from him the reasons for his fear. Then, if he and Miss Fermor wish it, I can take the matter up seriously and put an end to his danger."

"Very well," Armytage replied. "We will leave it at that."

So pretty, when Doctor Beaman's imposing barouche rolled into the drive and Quayne's ably-drilled underlings went to the door of the doctor's deputies, Armytage was more than ready to play his well-rehearsed part. It had been arranged that he was not to be violent—only a trifle melancholy, and staunch for the present to the delusion that he was entitled to the millions under the will of the late Queen Victoria.

Quayne's foresight had provided that the "patient" should be got away without any delay, so as to give the practiced keepers from the asylum no time to discern anything peculiar or ordinary. With the right amount of feeling, "Mr. Vincent Smith" handed over his dear nephew, "Arthur Clark," to the two men who were waiting in the hall, but his little set speech was cut short by a dual exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked Quayne sharply.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the senior attendant. "You'd be as surprised as us if you'd seen a gentleman who's at our place now, Mr. Clark is as like him as two peas in a pod."

"Ah, indeed," remarked Quayne with careless affability. "Well, you must be sure you don't get them mixed."

And an hour later, when Armytage was ushered into the presence of his new custodian, there was fresh confirmation of Marion's accurate selection of an instrument for her purpose.

"What's this, Parker?" cried the doctor, rising from an easy chair in his cozy sanctum. "I gave orders that he was to be kept in the refractory ward till he quieted down. Perhaps he's better, tho?"

"This isn't Mr. Lukyn, sir," the attendant replied. "It is Mr. Clark, whom we've fetched from Weybridge." And going nearer to his principal, Parker added under his breath: "A very nice gentleman, sir—quiet as a lamb, and quite different from the other."

"God bless my soul!" muttered the doctor, wiping his gold pince-nez and readjusting them, "what an extraordinary resemblance!"

And rising he welcomed Armytage with the cordial professional courtesy due to an inmate likely to redound to his credit by a speedy cure at a minimum of trouble.

But when Armytage retired to rest that night in the comfortable private room allotted to him his reflections took a somber hue.

"Refractory ward till he's quieted down," he said to himself. "That doesn't sound as if Mr. Nigel Lukyn would be a fit subject for my overtures—or a fit mate for that sweet girl, if I get him out of this. Unless, by the way, he's shamming very hard indeed."

CHAPTER V.
MAD OR SANE?

LESLIE ARMYTAGE passed a week as an inmate of Grey Gables without having an opportunity of seeing his double. From stray allusions which he overheard among the staff he gathered that Lukyn was still under rigorous restraint, and that it was not deemed safe for him to mingle freely with the patients whose milder maladies entitled them to the run of the extensive grounds.

He did not fail to notice with a certain grim amusement the nods and winks that his appearance caused among keepers, nurses, and patients alike, in the first days after his admission. His resemblance to the occupant of the refractory ward must be very marked, he told himself, and on the third day he had an experience that led him to suppose that it was without a flaw.

A nice old lady, suffering from the belief that she was a cucumber, who had been ill in bed on his arrival and had not had the strange likeness explained to her, was sunning herself in the garden in charge of a nurse. Armytage was strolling near the seat where she was sitting, when the old lady, on catching sight of him, uttered a piercing scream and rushed toward the house, followed by the nurse.

Armytage looked after them, puzzled; but was interrupted by a laugh at his elbow. A male patient, nearly convalescent, had been walking behind him.

"She thinks that you're Lukyn," this gentleman explained. "Lukyn is—well, to put it mildly, not so nice as the rest of us. He fairly ran amuck last week and chased that poor old girl up and down the corridors till he was overpowered. Beaman very properly had him put in the padded room. If I can once get him into that state—make him thoughtful, in fact —I have great hopes that the present series of paroxysms may pass."

Armytage, only too glad of the chance, agreed with alacrity, and accompanied the principal and several stalwart keepers to the refractory ward. All precautions against a sudden rush on the part of the inmate having been taken, the door was opened and Armytage, closely guarded, stood in the entrance. The behavior of the lunatic he could not suppress a start at the resemblance between himself and the man whose fiercely questioning gaze met his midway. They might, as the attendant had said, have been two peas in a pod.

Nigel Lukyn, tired out with raging up and down the narrow limits of his cage, had flung himself for the moment on the padded bench opposite the door. Glaring at Armytage, he rose slowly, making queer little noises thru his clinched teeth, and advanced toward the door. There being that in his attitude which suggested a sudden spring, Doctor Beaman was about to give the order to shut and bolt the door, when Lukyn stopped and began to laugh immoderately.

"Well, if this isn't funny," he roared in a voice which Armytage would have sworn was his own. "Come in here, old man, and stay with me. We must be the heavenly twins." And he laughed and laughed again.

"That'll do," said the doctor. "Close the door, Parker, and after we have gone in and left him about the gentleman who's so like him. He is interested, and will soon come round. I am deeply indebted to you, Mr. Clark, for helping me out of the difficulty."

Doctor Beaman nodded cheerily, and, slipping into his private room, left Armytage more puzzled than ever by what he had seen of Lukyn. Not being an expert, he could form no idea as to the man's real mental state, but there was this satisfaction about the morning's work—that if the patient showed the signs of improvement expected by the doctor there would be little doubt that he was genuinely deranged. For, if he was shamming, any interest he might feel in his "double" would not cause him to desist.

The limited restrictions placed on patients at Grey Gables enabled him to contrive an interview on the very day of Lukyn's release from close confinement. The probably subject to invisible vigilance from afar, Marion's fiance was wandering in a shady path in the grounds, when Armytage, who had shadowed him, came face to face with him at a turning. Lukyn started at him in genuine surprise, then broke into a modified form of the laughter which had convulsed him in the refractory ward.

"Well, If This Isn't Funny," He Roared in a Voice Armytage Could Have Sworn Was His Own. "We Must Be the Heavenly Twins."

"A curious coincidence, isn't it?" said Armytage, affecting to join in the laughter.

Lukyn took the cigarette, lit it, and winked knowingly at his double. "If it is a coincidence," he said, turning and strolling in the same direction.

"What else could it be but a coincidence, unless I had followed you here with some sinister design?" he said, with a significance which could not fail to call up an answering sign if Lukyn was indeed a frightened man, hiding for his life. "They'll clap you in the padded cell if you talk like that. I'm not afraid of any sinister designs."

"Of course, there is the alternative—that I might have been selected as an inmate because of my resemblance to you, not from a kindlier but from a benevolent design," he hazarded.

Nigel Lukyn came to an abrupt halt in the woodland walk and faced him.

Putting on an air of mystery Armytage said suddenly: "I think you know a Miss Marion Fermor."

They were standing by one of the numerous seats which the thoughtful doctor sprinkled about his grounds for the use of the patients, and Lukyn let Armytage by the arm and pulled him down into it.

"Shall I tell you what I'm going to do with Marion Fermor when I get out of this?" he whispered. "I am going to make it so she will be sorry that she ever was born."

And for the next twenty minutes Lukyn poured into Armytage's ear the horrors of physical and mental torture, ending in a death of unspeakable terror, which he had in store for the girl who had sat for three months at a detective's window in order to find a human instrument to set him free.

With an effort Armytage restrained himself during the terrible discourse, and read the conviction that Mr. Nigel Lukyn was not only a lunatic, but a dangerous one—dangerous before all others to Marion Fermor, and likely to be doubly dangerous to her when he could so far control his periodical fits of violence as to give her to a very natural aptitude for cruelty and cunning.

"A maniac with the blood-lust of a man-eating tiger," was Armytage's mental comment, as he walked in perplexity back to the house.

Next week the mysterious shot at Armytage will be explained and the reader introduced to a new set of characters, including and a woman, who play big parts in this story.

Necessity Leads Men to Adopt Strange Expedients Sometimes, as Witness This Story

THE INTOXICATED 453

By Ladd Plumley

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SMOKE filled the air so the lights in the yards were blurs. The 453 had just come in. She was coated with ashes as if she had been caught in a blizzard of ashes.

"Take it from me, nothing comes thru in a week!" exclaimed Big Jim, driver. "Running thru the fringe of hell—that's what it was!"

"Mr. Crea wants you," said a clerk, pushing thru the crowd of yard men. "He's in a hurry!"

"Come at once," grunted Big Jim, adding: "Any old man's always in a hurry. Can't a fellow get time to wash off the cinders?"

"Drake!" snapped the superintendent, when the engineer entered his office. "You've had a hard run—thank you."

Drake waited, studying the features of his superior; he did not believe that Crea wanted to see him just to thank him.

"How's the fire to the south?" asked Crea.

"Smoke and ashes—as if you were over a woodburning stack."

"Can an engine make Dupont?" Dupont a village on a branch line.

"Dupont's all right. They can get out to the south."

"Trestle over Deep Gulch gone," snapped the superintendent, fumbling the papers on his desk, and Mr. Crea was anything but a nervous man.

Drake shrugged his shoulders. "I've been in fires before. There isn't one chance in a million that you can hardly breathe on the main line. If the main's like that—"

"Must have crew make Dupont!" interrupted the superintendent.

Drake shrugged his shoulders again. He did not feel called upon to accept an invitation for a cremation party, conducted by himself. If Crea wanted a volunteer, why didn't he go about it in the usual way?

The superintendent fussed with his papers. "Hang it, Drake!" he exclaimed. "You're in it then! She came to me yesterday—you were up the line. She said she must go in. I gave her a pass."

Drake gulped once or twice. Then he nodded. "Her cousin. She's expert advice to nervy little "Rufty" McKim, the roundhouse foreman. McKim had volunteered. "Sure!" he said, pushing aside the group who were summoned. "'Tis not Rutledge McKim as has sweetheart nor wife in the Sodom and Gomorrah, but if Mr. Crea does us the honor to be going, 'tis McKim as accepts an invite."

There was little said in the cab. At intervals McKim gave the engine just as many spoonfuls as would keep her fire at the right level, and Big Jim pushed her to the very best.

The 453 hurled herself away from the junction as if she were a wolf and were leading away from fire instead of into it. Beyond the railroad follows up a creek. Curves are frequent, and beyond the curves is a region of small pines and spruces, second growth with

His Mind Was Glued to the One Thought of Making the Greatest Speed That He Could.

half-rotten toppings, where fire would run like flame across oil-soaked waste. But as the engine plunged forward there was no evidence that the fire had swung around the base of a high mountain to the south. There was the same denseness, somewhat thicker than on the main line, but there seemed a fair probability that Dupont could be made.

Drake did not allow himself to think of his wife. Indeed, what with pushing his engine to the limit, he had no time for other thoughts.

"Worth the price of admission!" yelled McKim in the superintendent's ear. "Talk of joy rides into the infernal regions! But this one doesn't be cutting her off we'll be after taking to the air as if we'd accepted an invite from Elijah!"

Drake did cut her off, but before he did that engine made a burst of speed which amazed even Crea. Fifteen minutes later she dashed around a curve at the bottom, roared thru a tunnel where the air was almost as dense and hot as melted pitch, and leaped over a trestle that carried the road across a gulch just before making Dupont. Drake let his whistle have steam for a signal, to inform the operator that help was near. And twenty seconds later the engine almost threw her crew out of the forward windows as she brought up before the station.

Drake had seen a white frock, and dropped on the offside of the engine, for Patsy was waiting and had shown discretion in choosing her position. "It's all right, Jimmy-mine!" she sobbed, as Big Jim lifted her in his arms. "I knew you'd get thru!"

Tompkins, the operator, sprang toward the superintendent. "I've got 'em in the empty freights!" he exclaimed. "Patsy's cousin is in a spring bed and old Mrs. Cummings has her cats. We can't tell how bad it is toward the south—but it's bad. Listen!"

Above the chugging of the engine gump could be heard a dreging hiss, as if a thousand giant serpents were hissing—the warning of fire that has a carrying quality like a never-ending safety-valve exhaust.

"And the wind's increasing!" added Tompkins.

The wind was bringing the advance heat of the fire, a heat that suggested that the whole world was about to burst into flame.

"Couple her up," panted the superintendent. "But, McKim, have you water?"

"We'll hit the waterstand," replied McKim.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Tompkins. "I wired. Went dry in the night!"

"Somebody'll get his time for not repeating the message to the junction," growled Crea.

"It's a long line," explained Tompkins. "A spurt of fire may have burned out the timber dam."

McKim leaped to the top of the tank and made an inspection.

"How much have you got, McKim?"

"Ye hasn't enough, sir," replied McKim. "'Tis a dry time up here."

"We'll have to fill her with buckets," said the superintendent.

"You cannot, sir!" cried the operator. "The wells went dry days ago—we've been using water from a standpipe."

For what seemed ten minutes no one said a word. They were men who in danger thought rather than spoke. Without water it would be insanity to pull the train into the forest, dry as punk, that lay between them and the main line. Without water, death to them and those waiting in the freight cars was certain.

Crea looked into the eyes of Drake and wondered how it would seem if he had just greeted his own bride and knew that she would meet her death within a few hours. For himself, he was an old man and had been in many perils, for him the danger did not seem personal. Drake thought of his wife, and his jaws set themselves in a grip like that of a rail grapple. It could not be possible that this was the end to the first happy six months. Tompkins was little more than a kid and like the kid he thought of himself.

McKim, too, at the top of the tank, had been thinking, but, until he was characteristic of McKim, his thoughts had been in a more practical vein. Suddenly his dry cackle of a voice broke the silence. "I'll just be after inquiring, Mr. Tompkins," he asked, "if in this prohibition age the output of the brewery down Hunter way continues to make use of the branch? In me sub days, when it was a habit at that emporium, beer in kegs was the article of export from the wicked city of Hunter. Moreover, altho 'tis not McKim as has ever fired an engine wid watered beer, still, if it should be found that freight is stalled in this side-tracking time, and there should be a car full of kegs, 'twould be in keeping wid this region of heat to make a judicious use of the fluid. And—"

As the idea filtered into the minds of the hearers the tension audibly [illegible] dent. Crea was the first to [illegible] dept attempted to ask a question. A chuckle, mixed with smoke, blocked [illegible] utterance. In the midst of the [illegible] to themselves and to the women and children down the line the cheese [illegible] laughed once and then held [illegible] balanced over the tank. McKim peered down with the expression of one who would relish the experiment. At length Crea asked his question.

"Sure thing, sir!" choked Tompkins. "A car of the stuff!"

"But perhaps beer would do more harm than good," said the superintendent. "Froth and carbonic acid from heated beer would fill the valves—"

"May I be asking if ye've ever used the fluid—for steam, I mean?" asked McKim.

"I never did, but—"

"She'll have time at the junction to recover," remarked McKim. "And 'tis meself has scruples about leading 453 into temptation. Still, as there's nothing else, 'twill do no harm to try. 'Tis an experiment wid drinkers, and 'twill be well enough. And maybe 'tis the stuff as takes many into the pit of flames as'll be taking McKim out!"

In less than half an hour, her tank foaming over the top and dripping in white blotches, as if it had been an infinity of a beer schooner, the locomotive was coupled to the empties.

"I'll have ye to know," said McKim that afternoon, as he stood in the roundhouse with the boys of the yard, "wid the principles of the old man, and publically pledged, 'tis meself as would have believed he'd be filling the poor 453 no full she staggered so ye couldn't put a foot on the steps of the creature's gangway. Intoxicated? When we gained the top of the divide her [illegible] sounded something like a band. And as we made the siding this side the junction her yell was like an Indian attack wid the most crazy band.

"She nearly rolled herself off her trucks and ye couldn't do a thing wid the throat but let her have all the way into town. Cotched wid fire? Jim's Patsy and the women and childer seemed to have been concerning themselves. When she's full of beer, 'tis the 453 as no fire short of a German bomb can stop. And of all the steaming fluids give me beer. It has its troubles—yeasty valves and a', but that's to be expected. When he's soaked a human shows it! But if ye be asking McKim, he's saying that the next time the president of the road hits the division, 'twill be a neat compliment to send out the 453 to yank him and have her tank filled to the neck wid champagne!"

Strategy Often Accomplishes Things When It Looks as If They Never Could Be Done

Mabel Turns the Tables

By John Francis Slater

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IT HAD long been a matter for remark among the neighbors that whatever the hour of the day, Arthur Higginson's car was sure to be pointed, like a compass needle to the magnetic pole, at the little gray house where dwelt Mabel Knight.

It is not to be inferred that Mabel dwelt there alone. She had a father, mother, elder sister, and young brother; but as far as Arthur Higginson and this narrative are concerned, the little gray house might be said to be tenanted solely by Mabel. It had long been a matter of remark, we say. So long, in fact, that these causes had all been followed by their natural effects, when the matter came to the ears of the person—next to Arthur and Mabel themselves—most interested: Arthur Higginson's father.

To remove the obstinacy from Old Man Higginson's character would be to remove the keystone from an arch. From the day when he settled near Newton as a poor homesteader, he had had but one object in life—the accumulation of a large auriferous deposit in the local bank. For this goal, when no person or thing impeded his progress, he drove without halt or swerve. When a person or thing did obstruct his path, he headed for it still—only faster.

Picture, then, Old Man Higginson's feelings, after shooting with careful discrimination a life partner for his son—who besides saving the board and wages necessary for the employment of a housekeeper, would add the value of one quarter-section in her own name, to

ginson, have the monopoly of all transportation facilities in the neighborhood of this slough. In other words, I control the supply."

"You—you——" sputtered Higginson. "You bitch that rope on to this democrat and haul me out of here, or it will be the worse for you!"

"Exactly!" continued Miss Knight, delightedly. "You, Mr. Higginson, may be said to constitute the demand."

"All right," he growled, savagely. "I told Arthur I'd be back by noon. If I am not, he will phone to town, and find out at what time I started for home. Then he'll come and look for me."

The girl wrinkled her brow. "It's hardly likely that he'd think of this slough," she remarked, thoughtfully. "Still, I wouldn't like Arthur to be made anxious. I'll just take this outfit out to the men, and slip home to phone him that you are stopping over on our place."

She swung her pony, and chirruped to the big teams.

"Here, stop!" shouted Higginson, hurriedly.

"I'll give you ten dollars to haul me out," he snapped.

Mabel smiled. "Having the monopoly of haulage facilities in this vicinity, I naturally set my valuation on such facilities as I extend to you. When you are ready to accept my terms, I shall have great pleasure in——" Miss Knight found the formal phrasing rather an effort—"in hitching on a team and yanking you out of that."

"How much are you going to ask, then?"

"My valuation can not be expressed in terms of dollars and cents. I will hand you out on the following conditions: First, you are to give a full consent to Arthur's marriage with me; and second, you will promise to thrash our crops next after your own."

Old Man Higginson's emotion became so great that a large wave dashed up the slough.

"I'll see you—I'll wade out first!" he roared.

He dipped a foot gingerly into the icy water. The girl sighed with relief as he jerked it back.

"You're a cruel, hardhearted girl, to play a trick like this on a man old enough to be your father!"

"The right age, exactly," responded Mabel, cheerily. "As for your father, the rest—it's not cruel at all; it's merely business."

"Haul me out," groaned the old man. "I agree!"

"You must write it down, of course," said the girl, firmly. "A verbal understanding but what you might forget your agreement, the moment you were out of the slough."

"Forget!" muttered Higginson balefully. "I'll never forget this as long as I live."

"Nevertheless, we'll have it in writing."

Higginson drew a pocketbook from his coat and tore out a leaf.

"Go ahead!" he grunted, shivering. "Take all I own. I'll sign anything."

Five minutes later he stood on dry land.

"You had better take my pony, and get some dry things up at the house!" said Mabel, anxiously. "I'll send Freddy over with your repairs, and he can bring back another decision for your rig."

"Well," said the old man, with a sigh. "You won't bring a quarter section, 'tis true; but I will say you're a far smarter girl than Sally Matthews. Maybe things are better as they are."

Mabel bent, and impressed a light kiss on his forehead. "That's a dear," she said. "Now hurry to the house, and change your clothes."

* * *

Horrors of the Wild

A cousin of Willie Weekend's gaiety at the suburban home of Jones is now dead. She was fresh from a social settlement, but to say that he was fresh from anything would be to deny the facts. He was, so to speak, stale from a lawyer's office in the heart of the city.

"I adore the country," she said to him, and he took fire at once and began to quote something from Keats to the effect that "to one who has been long in city pent it is very sweet to look upon the fair and open face of heaven."

"And I adore poetry," declared Rose. And what more could he ask? Than that a young couple should have a common taste for the country and for poetry?

"But in a place like this mere existence is poetry," she went on, "and it is pure bliss to be where there are no sounds and no activities."

"I can stand the city smells," he declared, "but the noises batter my nerves beyond endurance. The office is on the edge of the elevated and the my friends told me that I would get used to the sounds after a time, and never know when a train passed I have never arrived at that state of abstraction."

"I don't wonder," she declared, sympathetically. "And even the sounds sink into one's so-called subconsciousness they go on humming away there until the walls of that subconsciousness ready to break."

"I'm looking forward to the first good night's sleep that I have had for 2 years," he announced, "for altho I don't sleep on the edge of the elevated, my room is not far from the car barns and a few garages, so that I never know what it is to enjoy a state of peace."

And then they were called to dinner, but after that meal they renewed their conversation relative to country bliss and he asked her if she would join the next morning for an early walk.

"Not too early," she demurred. "I want to enjoy to the full the joy of silence and the satisfaction that comes from I don't have to get up until the spirit moves me."

However, she agreed that she might be ready for a saunter at 7 and promised to meet him in the garden at that hour.

She was there at the appointed time and so was he, but a very different pair they were from the enthusiastic couple that had sung the praises of the country the night before. She had lost her bloom and he looked wan and pale from lack of sleep.

"Did you hear that infernal rooster?" he questioned as she sank into a garden seat.

"Rooster?" she echoed. "Who minds a rooster? But didn't you hear that horrible whippoorwill?"

"But that's a bird, isn't it?" he demanded. "Anybody can stand a bird, but this monster with a cracked voice which begins about midnight and keeps you in torment the rest of the night is too terrible."

"Well, there are intervals between his crows," she protested, "whereas the whippoorwill never pauses, but keeps repeating that stupid phrase until you are ready to go insane."

"Who was the poet who threw soap at a nightingale?" he questioned weakly.

"I don't know," she answered, "but he has my sympathy, whoever he was."

"When the regular guaranteed autumn is here," he observed, smiling faintly, "the katydids have the floor, and they can beat your whippoorwill all hollow."

"I don't mind them so much," she assured him. "They seem to sound the note of woman's efficiency, but the whippoorwill represents nothing but the masculine need of chastisement."

"Oh," he said, "I think you are too sophisticated for the country."

"And you!" she questioned.

"Well," he answered, "I'm looking forward to a restful night in my own city bed. I'd rather hear all the elevateds and electrics and garages going at once than listen to one rooster."

And then they took their walk.

* * *

It's a Hard Life.

"I FELT so sorry for the groom. He looked awfully haggard and careworn. Do you suppose he realized when it was too late that he was making a mistake?"

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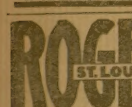

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By H. M. Egbert

What Has Happened Before.

LIEUTENANT PAGET, of the U. S. Navy, meets Captain Masterman, an old friend, when on leave in Washington. Masterman tells him about his latest discovery in submarine life, which threatens to destroy the world. Masterman, exciting himself over his rival, MacBeard, dies suddenly before he finishes his story. Paget finds a letter addressed to him in Masterman's pocket, and immediately hurries to the old man's house in Baltimore. There he sees a form of undersea life which terrorizes him. While he is looking at it, MacBeard, who has followed him, sandbags him, and takes away the letter which contains valuable information about the discovery. Paget takes his submarine to sea, watches a German cruiser fire upon the Boetia, and torpedoes it. He rescues Ida Kennedy. In the lifeboat, he finds himself attacked by the monsters, but manages to win the battle and get back on the submarine. He tells his weird story, and Davies, his underling, has him confined, thinking he is mad. During the night the monsters get on board and kill all except Ida, Paget, Davies and Sam Clouts. They find temporary shelter in the steel conning tower of the submarine.

This story began in No. 46, the Ledger, dated Nov. 16. Back copies may be obtained either thru this office or from our newsdealers or agents.

Hoisting Himself Upon the Shoulders of the Sailor, Donald Clambered Up the Pipe.

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CHAPTER VII.

IRA MAC BEARD.

IRA MAC BEARD was the son of a street scavenger, who had carried on his occupation, with the exception of irregular intermissions caused by delirium tremens, until his untimely demise during one of these unbridled holidays. The son, bred in the New York gutters, had distinguished himself at an early age by his abnormal mental powers.

He had won scholarship after scholarship, culminating with one at a distinguished university, where he became a professor.

Ira MacBeard was one of those rare men who are recognized by their contemporaries as master minds. To the public he was unknown, but among the learned he was mentioned in the same breath with Darwin, Sir Isaac Newton and [illegible]. That had [illegible] publicly comprising him with [illegible].

Unfortunately, like many men of genius, MacBeard had one disastrous failing. He had trained himself intellectually at the expense of his moral faculties. He had never learned to control his primal gutter-urchin propensities.

He was a thief.

A man can have the brain of a Bacon with the moral atrophy of a Captain Kidd. Thus it was with MacBeard. Intellectually he was one of the most honored of American citizens. Morally he was just where he had been when his drunken father thrashed him for stealing pennies.

He did not steal big things, but little ones, and every one knows that this is more damning socially.

He would have been tempted to forge a check for a million dollars. There reason would have had play. But he was discovered in the possession of pieces of inexpensive jewelry from the rooms of one of the university professors. The honored leader of men was miserably confronted with a policeman while he was pawning a fellow professor's gold watch in a back street of the town.

They called it kleptomania, and let him resign. But the story got around, and it was theft. MacBeard's career was finished. The only club that would admit him to membership was the Inventors'—and that only because the furious bickerings of its members had compelled the passage of a rule that there should be no blackballing. Any one could join the Inventors' Club, but only inventors wanted to.

MacBeard, embittered, brooded over his wrongs. They assumed monstrous proportion in his mind as he neared middle age. By the time he was approaching 50; he believed that at death the soul perishes with the body, and that there is no hell. His mind being obliterated filled him with frenzy. He wanted to make a lasting mark upon the world.

He was the loneliest man in the world, and the brainest. He planned schemes of revenge against society, which, hatched in the brain of any other, would have been a proof of insanity.

His first idea was to make his solar-energy plant to produce simultaneous eruptions of the volcanoes in Italy and Iceland, Japan and Mexico upon an unpeached scale. A lava desert should cover all the tilled fields and cities, burying man a thousand feet under the surface and obliterating civilization.

The science and art of nineteen-twentieths of the world would disappear. MacBeard not only hated the world, which had made him an outcast, but he despised it intellectually as beyond redemption. He wanted to destroy its ruins as a superman, a god.

However, his scheme had several drawbacks. It was utterly beyond his financial means. He could not foresee exactly the results of it. There were disturbing possibilities, and he was not the man to act without mathematical exactitude.

His vengeance must take other forms. He wanted a less academic plan, one which reeked less of the midnight lamp. He wanted a more concrete personal triumph. He wanted to lead an army to victory, not to sit back and watch the working out of blind forces that he had set in motion.

Besides, destruction must be followed by construction, to satisfy his scientific mind.

His second thought was to produce a race of men, somewhere in the ice-bound wastes of Greenland, that should grow to maturity in a few years; a race organized for war, a primal blend of man and tiger. It had been done with the plants.

But he was too old. He would be 70 before this plan could be carried to perfection. And then it was improbable that the details would work out as he planned. Masterman was one of the many men whom he had broken in his days of power. But Masterman was of a different caliber of brain. Masterman had tried to come back, and had almost succeeded.

MacBeard, at first contemptuous of the old dreamer, came at last to watch Masterman uneasily. He knew that the old captain was amazed more than most of deep-sea life; but he knew, too, the facts that underlay his letters to the newspapers.

Even before his last journey to the Shetlands, Masterman had advanced the hypothesis of a deep-sea race which, by the never-ceasing struggle for food, had acquired intelligence directed solely toward that end, and keener than man's within its limited boundaries.

He had sent a paper embodying this subject to the Inventors' Club Annual Club. Unfortunately, Hatfield had won the ballot for the editorship that month. Masterman's paper, of course, should have been consigned to the wastebasket, and the articles in the magazine had been as follows: "Ira MacBeard's Interpretation of James I. as Universal Man," "Shakespeare and the JIM Cipher," "Bacon and the MIJ Cipher," "What Civilization Owes to James I."

When Masterman's proxy ballot won the editorship during his absence, the printers, instead of inserting the latest paper, as he had requested, used a quantity of his old, unpublished material.

Secretly MacBeard had studied the carapace which Masterman had brought back from the North was not that of a stegosaurus. Some one, somewhere, a man had been inspired by envy and hatred. He had examined the relic, and submitted to the world as that of an unknown deep-water animal.

His respect for Masterman's abilities increased hugely.

He had begun spying upon the captain. He broke into his house while he was away and read his papers, without, however, learning anything of use to him. Incidentally, he stole a gold presentation watch, a Chinese vase of the Ming dynasty, and a pair of lapislazuli earrings which had belonged to Masterman's wife.

The *atom of a* race of supermen, who were to form a new world under his direction, developed. Masterman's theory crystallized in MacBeard's dreams into a concrete hope.

When MacBeard heard the first rumors to the effect that Masterman's ship had been wrecked, and that all on board had perished, he planned to fit out a secret expedition to go to the scene of the disaster and see what was to be discovered. Then he had seen the captain in the dining-room of the club.

He had been thrown off his guard by Masterman's unexpected return, had followed him and Donald to the door of the cardroom, and had heard the greater part of the story. He had been unable to restrain his eagerness, and had been detected spying.

Balked in his scheme to get possession of Masterman's letter, he had followed Donald to the house in Baltimore. There he had assaulted him and taken the papers from him. He had had no intention of killing Donald, whom he despised heartily. Once the secret, in which he now firmly believed, was in his possession, there would come no reckoning for the assault. He saw his way to immediate rulership over the world.

To do MacBeard justice, he had been scared away, not by fear of the monster, but by the realization that Masterman's terrific story was true. After Donald had left the house, MacBeard crept back. He discovered the monster upon the floor, where it had precipitated itself in its death agony. It had been disrupted by the internal pressure, under a normal atmosphere.

He made a quick examination of it, sat down in the kitchen, and spent the remainder of the night poring over Masterman's papers. In these he learned much that was essential to his success.

He read that the crevice in the tank was a young one, which had not yet acquired the power of resistance to an ordinary atmosphere. Nature was still in process of modifying her creation, and, as is always the case, the young retained the atavistic disabilities, just as the young flatfish swim like other fishes and have one eye on either side of the head. The modifications in the physiological structure come with maturity.

The adult monster, MacBeard learned, had already acquired the ability to exist for an indefinite period upon the surface of the sea. While the young had gills, these became modified into a species of lung, capable of breathing both above and under water. This was a new adaptation of nature. MacBeard hurried back to the dead monster, and found the lung already partly formed. That satisfied him that Masterman was an accurate observer.

The captain had spent weeks on the island. He had put all the results of his investigations into his letter to Donald. He described elaborately the structure of the monsters, tracing the modifications of the gills, air bladders, fins and flippers.

He wrote that, like the bees, they were governed by a queen of a different structure, approximating the human form, toward which nature was adapting the brood. He believed that when their present queen was mature, they would put out to sea, southward, to overrun the world, driven not by conscious volition, but by the swarming instinct of the bees.

Lastly, he told Donald the secret of controlling them. And this was so amazing that MacBeard almost doubted it.

Unfortunately, two pages were missing, and these contained part of the instructions for keeping the monsters in subjection. And, what alarmed MacBeard, the manuscript ended with the statement that the disruption was not likely to prove of permanent injury to humanity, because——

However, MacBeard cared little for this in his supreme joy. His dreams took definite shape at last, rushing into the concrete with a violence that sent him into ecstasy. He saw the man of the future, the superman, who was already at hand, irresistible by reason of his numbers, strength and cunning. And he saw himself, the ruler of a new world which had never heard of the eighth commandment.

He still saw in these dreams MacBeard, alone. That fact gave him a frightful, almost godlike intensity of will. He did not want a companion to share his world with him. He saw himself as an omnipotent creator, the single arbiter of human destiny.

Next morning he left Baltimore in his motorboat. It was constructed so as to be practically unsinkable, and he had stored it with provisions, gasoline and instruments. He had several weeks' supplies on board. He was dependent on no one.

He started northward at once, passed within a few miles of the F35 upon his course, and reached Fair Island. When he set foot upon its rocky, lonely shores, he knew that at last his time had come. His revenge upon the race was ripening, and he meant to exercise it to the full.

His first act was to explore the island. He discovered with his plummets that Masterman had been correct in tracing the prolongation of the south spur of the continental shelf. He discovered that Fair Island was the peak of a subterranean range ascending sharply from a great depth.

At a distance of about three hundred feet beneath the surface there was a sort of cup-or crater in the mountain, teeming with unknown forms of submarine life.

The monster had brought with them some of the flora of their deeper ranges. MacBeard understood the significance

of the result of his endless dredging. He found the stores which had been left by the oil-ship, but there was no sign of any airplane. However, since MacBeard did not know that one was to have been sent, he did not expect to find one.

Stocking a cave with provisions, he made himself at home there, and at once set out to investigate the presence of Masterman's monsters.

CHAPTER VIII.

DONALD'S DIVING PARTY.

DONALD took a match from his silver box and struck it. The match had not penetrated—it burst into flame. He looked at his watch and saw that it was half past eight.

"It must be growing daylight above," he said to Davies. "I am sure that the beasts are gone. I think I'll go up and see whether I can start the engines."

"Let me go, sir," said the middy.

"You will remain here in charge," said Donald. "Give me your back, Clouts!"

Hoisting himself upon the shoulders of the sailor, Donald clambered up the pipe and reached the passage above. There was a stench of fishy bodies, but he was certain that the monsters were gone.

He ascended the ladder into the conning tower and threw off the hatch. Instantly a gust of fresh air, driving in, made him feel dizzily. He realized that he had been breathing the depleted, vitiated atmosphere of the torpedo-room all night.

He waited till he had recovered; then he unfastened the door and clambered out upon the deck, which lay almost level with the surface of the ocean.

He found that the F55 was stranded upon a shelving beach that extended from Fair Isle eastward. The tide was rising, and they would soon be afloat. An immense station filled his heart, as he realized that the horrors of the night were past.

He went back into the conning tower, descended the ladder rungs, and continued along the passage leading toward the stern. He made his way first to the electric engines. A glance showed him that the current had been shortcircuited by sea water. There was the stifling stench of the deadly chlorine gas.

It was a mercy that this had been open, after all, or it might have been the cause of the gale that

[illegible] the electric engines he went to the petrol motors. These appeared to be in good order. The oil fuel was low, but there seemed to be sufficiency to take the F55 to Lerwick without the necessity of delaying in order to search for a distant oil-ship afloat. The run would be of a few hours only, and Donald was anxious not to delay. Davis and he and Clouts could remain on board during the brief journey, and there would be no need of the electric engines, since no danger was apprehended which might necessitate their submerging.

During his journey about the boat he convinced himself that the sailors had been dragged overboard. It was only a merciful for the survivors. There was not a trace of any of the seven who had fled.

Donald went back to the torpedo-room escape hatch.

"You can come up," he called. "The coast's clear and the sun is shining."

The people below needed no second invitation. One by one they came scrambling out—Clouts and Davies helping Ida between them. She seemed bewildered by the day, and advanced unsteadily toward Donald.

"What was it, dear?" she asked. "I don't know whether I have been delirious—my recollection is of the most dreadful thing had happened. Tell me truly, Donald!"

"It is not necessary, dear," he answered. "We shall be in Lerwick this afternoon, and you need never think about yesterday all your life."

"You need not tell me, of course," she answered. "But I thought some seabeasts, something unknown before, something horrible, had come into the boat, and afterward the sailors here."

She saw in his face that she had guessed correctly.

"And invisible, Donald?"

"Transparent, dear. Nothing that we cannot cope with, and that we have taken measures against surprise. And they have gone now."

"I am not afraid of them if you are with me, Donald," she answered, stepping out bravely beside him.

Donald turned to the middy.

"Davies," he said, "I am going to try to make the run to Lerwick at once. I think that it will be best for Miss Kennedy to remain in the conning tower, where she will be safest. You will run the engines, and you will take up your post at the diving station to look after the vertical rudder. We are awash now, and shall have to rise a little more."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Clouts, hurrying off toward the petrol engines.

It was astonishing how their spirits rose when they stood upon the deck. The warm sun, dancing over the waves, seemed to recharge their bodies with vitality. And yet it was a sad reunion in the light when they thought of the brave men who died an awful death in the dark, dragged down by those seadevils.

"Do you know, Davies," said Donald as they remained together for a minute or two, "I have a theory about those beasts."

"What, sir?" inquired the middy.

"Well, I remember that yesterday they seemed to attack us more savagely when the fog made the air obscure. And last night there was a lemon. It occurred to me that possibly they can't bear light. Of course that would be natural, and they left us at about the time the moon rose. So if they are nocturnal in their habits that would account for our immunity now. If I am right, we are learning their limitations fast."

"You're right, sir," replied the middy with conviction. "Only——"

"We'll have some information to carry back then, Davies, besides a scare. And it may be as if humanity don't have to fight so very hard to save itself. I beg your pardon—you were going to say something?"

"I was thinking, sir, that they seemed to go when the whistle blew."

"What whistle, Davies?"

"That one that sounded like—I can't remember what it was like, but I know I've heard a sound like that before, only much shriller."

"So have I," answered Donald, musing. "Well, get to your post, Davies. Raise for a trifle, then put the rudder and come into the conning tower to take care of Miss Kennedy." He returned to the girl. "Dear Kennedy, I like to think you have met Mr. Davies," he said formally. "Now, Davies, I'll go and help Clouts with the engines. Don't be alarmed to be alone for a minute or two, Ida."

The middy saluted, and went to his post at the diving station. Already the F55 was throbbing with the vibration of the engines, and Donald was deeply grateful that their ears could have imagined.

"Don't open the doors," said Donald, kissing Ida hastily.

He was off, and the girl remained alone within the tower of steel, and glanced about her in dismay. It felt like a steel prison. She felt the floor quivering, and then it began to dip. The sea splashed the observation port. Quickly the tipping ceased. Donald was up. She heard him call to Davies to open the doors, and felt his arms grope for her.

"It's all right, dear," he said hastily. "Davies has gone below to open up with the diving rudders. It's a bit stiff for him to handle alone. It doesn't mean anything particular."

But Ida could read the fear in his voice, and she knew that it meant everything. The diving apparatus had, in fact, jammed when the F55 had grounded on the beach, and the rudder had become twisted. Under Davies' hands it had been released, and had worked in the wrong direction.

With her bow pointing downward at an angle of 45 degrees, she was certain till her nose dug into the ooze 300 feet beneath the surface, into the cup-shaped crater of the shell-hole.

Then, slowly settling under the weight of the water, the stern followed, and the little craft remained plunged on the seabed. Darkness covered her. The inmates felt their eardrums throb under the pressure.

Clouts had noticed no sign of danger. Clouts had contrived to shut off the petrol engines. That alone prevented an explosion when the sea rushed thru the aft escape hatch.

Fortunately, the after part of the ship remained dry. Because for a few moments after the bow went under, and only a couple of sweeping seas came in. Short as the period of danger was, it enabled Donald and Clouts to grasp the hatch and replace it. They fought in a dazed way, and dashed them from their feet and dashed them, half stunned, against the walls of the engine-room. But they got the hatch into place. They groped their way back along the passage to the ladder that led from between decks into the conning tower. Donald tried again to reassure Ida, but it was a vain pretense. She knew full well the significance of what had happened.

Clouts came in, and presently Davies joined them. He began to stammer brokenly, but Donald laid his hand in kindly fashion on the lad's shoulder.

"You are not to blame, Davies," he said. "It was no fault of yours trying to run the old boat instead of putting you all ashore. No doubt the vertical rudder blades are fouled on the sunken rocks. Now we've got to think, and harder than we have ever thought before."

"We ain't a-going to drown like rats in traps, sir," said Sam Clouts heartily.

"Not if I know it, Clouts," Donald returned. "Now, first, is it possible to adjust the rudder, and we can't rise without it. That's self-evident, I think. We are comparatively safe for some time to come, because we have just taken on a supply of natural air, and we haven't opened the air-flasks yet. But, of course, it means only two days' respite."

"If I might say so, sir," said Clouts, "it means that we must put on the diving suits."

"You're right," answered Donald. "We aren't in a hopeless position by any means if we manage to keep our heads. Miss Kennedy, we'll get you out of here in a jiffy if you don't mind putting aside those things."

"You see," he continued, in explanation, "fortunately—very fortunately for us—we have the Siebert diving apparatus aboard, which was to have been used for a special purpose in connection with our work for the Government."

"One moment, sir!" said Davies. "Have you a match?"

Donald handed him one of the few that remained. Davies struck it, looked at the depth meter, and whistled expressively.

"Two hundred and eighty feet, sir," he said in a low tone.

"Yes, that was about what I imagined," replied Donald. "It is about as much as the old F55 would stand without buckling."

"But two hundred is the extreme limit of deep-sea diving, sir," Davies protested.

"The Siebert apparatus is especially designed for going deeper than that," returned Donald. "In fact, Siebert himself went down six hundred, tho he was all in the worse for it. You see, Davies, the new factor in the Siebert dress is that it has a compensating pressure. Being a rudder, and not a I understand it is a sort of internal oxygen arrangement, compressed, which partly nutralizes the pressure outside. It has enough compressed oxygen to last six hours.

"Now, my plan is this: We must leave the airlock one by one, with rather a light weight of metal on our feet, calculated to enable us to walk, and yet not to keep us down. We shall then simply climb the slopes of Fair Island under water."

"Why can't we go right up without any weight on our feet, and so go faster—asking your pardon, sir?" inquired Sam Clouts.

"Because," said Donald, "as soon as we neared the surface, where the pressure was lighter, we should cease to rise owing to the weight of the dress, and we'd remain submerged about [illegible] feet. But, of course, it means only two days' respite."

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"I think it is the only feasible plan, sir," said Davies briskly.

"How do you feel about it, Ida?" asked Donald in a low tone.

Ida put her hand into his. "I am ready to do anything you wish, Donald, dear," she answered.

"I'll answer for the lady with my own life, sir," said Clouts heartily.

"Then we're decided," said Donald. "Now, follow me in single file, hands on the shoulders of the one in front of you. All ready?"

He led the way thru the darkness, down the ladder, and along the conning tower toward the storage-room in which the diving apparatus was kept. Then he put a candle on.

The Siebert apparatus possesses the merit of simplicity. Donald, as he adjusted it on each with the aid of Davies, did not think it complex. It consisted of the mechanism. It consisted, first, of a waterproof uniform, then of a glass mask and copper helmet, the latter covering the upper part of the body and fastening about the shoulders. It contained a supply of compressed oxygen for several hours. The carbonic acid exhaled passed into a receptacle containing caustic soda, by which it was thus liberating the oxygen, while the nitrogen could be inhaled over and over again.

There was also a single sleeve attached by wires to a little storage battery worn on the chest, which, when the apparatus had been properly adjusted, a small electric light could be made to burn by the pressure of a button.

They waited a moment while Ida put on the waterproof uniform, then all followed suit. Donald and Davies dressed themselves after Clouts, and attached the weights about the feet of each and all. Their sea-dress carried a lead sole calculated to resist a great pressure.

Unfortunately, the thickness of the glass diffused the light, which shed only a diffused luminosity. It was sufficient, however, to enable them to pick their way, each by the light of the other.

Each of the party was now sealed from all sound. They saw each other's faces very dimly, and heard nothing.

Donald indicated to them by signs how their lamps were to be lit. They flashed out one by one. Incased in the apparatus, they presented grotesque appearances. The copper cylinders gave them some resemblance to swimmers whose clothes had been stolen, returning home in barrels.

Donald indicated to Davies that he was to bring up the rear, his hands upon the shoulders of Sam Clouts in front of him. He placed Ida in front of Clouts, and, raising her hands, put them upon his own shoulders, himself leading the procession.

He made his way into the conning tower again. He opened the inner chamber of the airlock, admitting Ida and himself, and closed it again. He knew that Clouts and Davies could take care of themselves.

The airlock, built to be used for escape in just such an emergency as this, was meant to be tenanted by one man alone. But two could just manage to squeeze in, and Ida could not have undertaken the plunge alone.

They were breathing the stored oxygen within the copper cylinders. They were safe for the present, for transit was not especially perilous in itself, but there were dangers to face—the possibility of being too heavily weighted and sinking into the ooze; that of being too light and losing balance. These had to be met.

Thru the glass mask Donald saw Ida's face. She was composed, and, in spite of the distorting medium, he was sure that he saw a look of trustful love in her eyes.

He started the compressed-air apparatus to keep the sea water out of the lock, and opened the outer door. They looked into nothingness—into the ocean bottom. The wall of inky water was hardly illumined by the faint light that shone from their sleeve-lamps.

Donald pressed Ida's hand. He felt her fingers flutter in his. She understood what he was doing. He touched her head and shoulders within the aperture.

Donald raised her feet and pushed her into the void. He saw the night of water swallow her.

And, choking down his fears, he plunged in after her.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SEA FLOOR.

HE STRUGGLED for balance as the sea depths enveloped him. He groped in the water as in a fog. The swirl of bubbling air from the oxygen apparatus in the lock carried him some distance from the submarine, and then he felt himself sinking.

He sank very slowly, and as he sank he groped for Ida. He could not find her. The submarine had disappeared completely.

He felt his feet upon the ooze bottom of the crater. He stretched out the water with the stranded submarine, and [illegible] He wasted to and fro clumsily. He was

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like a dead man who wakes in an uninhabited purgatory of desolation. There was nothing anywhere—nothing. Only the yielding water, at which his fingers clutched fruitlessly.

He staggered this way and that. He tried to find the location of the submarine, but he had completely lost his bearings. He tried to pull himself together and remember from what point he had emerged. But he did not know how many feet he had been shot forward by the air. He could see only an arm's length in front of him, and it seemed impossible to light on Ida or any of the party.

Perhaps she was groping for him in some such manner. Perhaps she had encountered some mischance. He tried to shut out the unbearable thought, but could not.

He began to walk for six paces in every direction, calculating that in this way he could bound a parallelogram and return to his starting point. But he saw nothing, and he did not know that he had returned to the place from which he had set out.

He tried to pierce the waters with his vision, straining his eyes along the luminous cone projected by the electric light until it ended in a wall of shifting mist.

He started wildly backward, believing that the submarine lay behind him. As he walked, dragging his weight like a convict's chain and ball, suddenly the outlines of the F55 appeared before him.

He realized that she was lying with her bow higher than her stern. At once he grasped the situation. She had sunk with her bow toward land, and from this end, therefore, he must start on the [illegible] of Fair Island's subterranean [illegible]

[illegible] discovery renewed his courage. [illegible] the others were [illegible] to make the ascent, while he had gone floundering in the wrong direction, downward toward the heart of the crater.

He made his way parallel with the submarine's bow, keeping well within sight of the elusive craft, which would disappear momentarily before his eyes and suddenly appear again, almost within arm's reach. Suddenly he stopped. He stared at the oozy floor. His light had cast his shadow in front of him.

But that was impossible.

[illegible] no shadow. It was a flat[illegible] dwarfish figure, ridicu[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] terror incarnate. A little glow flashed from its arm. They drew together.

They stood looking at each other, peering thru their thick masks. But in that vague medium recognition was impossible.

Donald saw only the blurred features behind the thick glass that covered the face, distorted and twisted by the refraction. He surmised that it was not Davies. Davies could have made himself known by any of a number of symbols of the seaman's free-masonry. But then, it could not be Clouts either.

He caught at the figure's hand and raised it to his sleeve-light. It was a woman's hand—it was Ida's.

They knew each other. Donald took her fingers in his, and together they [illegible] on the ascent.

[illegible] the submarine, leaving [illegible] dowy bulk behind. But their progress became infinitely slow. The [illegible] to feel the slope of the land [illegible] instant. Their [illegible] clung to the [illegible] and the water impelled them almost [illegible] solid medium.

To his horror, Donald perceived [illegible] becoming opaque. [illegible] appearance of the sea [illegible]. The [illegible] in this lair [illegible] this substance was no food, no pl[illegible] that those devils pushed forth [illegible] them like a veil, but a material designed to shield them from the filtering sunlight.

Donald grasped Ida's hand and fought his way thru the clinging mass. [illegible] swung his free arm, upr[illegible] it struck against a rock barrier overhead. The ooze underfoot had yielded to solid rock.

He thrust out his arms on either side, and still found rock. He realized that they were no longer ascending the mountain, but had struck a cave.

Donald stood still, reflecting. Did Ida understand? There was no way in which to tell her.

He was about to retrace his steps when he perceived, a long distance in front of him, a tiny glimmer of light. At first he hoped that it was daylight. But that [illegible]

[illegible] too, had seen it, and [illegible] interpretation upon [illegible]

They were walking in cl[illegible] and this was an addition[illegible] couragement. Clearly, [illegible] were not in the cave. It [illegible] of those subterranean passages in which limestone abounded. They advanced more rapidly, and soon, the illusion of daylight dispelled, gave place to a second hardly less welcome. It must be the light from one of the electric sleeve-lamps from Clouts or Davies.

At every step the light grew clearer. It was not stationary, but swung to and fro slowly from side to side, rising and falling, [illegible] as they [illegible] Donald strained his eyes thru the [illegible], expecting every moment to see the form of one of his comrades.

The light [illegible] in front of them, upon a level with Donald's eyes. He leaned forward, put out his hand toward it.

Suddenly Ida leaped backward, dragging him violently with her. There was a sense of sound or vibration, rather like the closing of a trap's jaws. They seemed to snap together hardly a foot from Donald's head.

And he saw suddenly, as if it had at that moment [illegible] become visible, the shadowy form of some vast monster lurking within the recesses of the cave.

It was one of the giant forms of deep-sea life, perhaps holding the same relationship toward the sea beasts as tigers do toward men. It might have followed the swarm when they assembled in the submarine crater, preparatory to their emigration southward.

It was not one of the monsters that had attacked the boat, for Donald could discern a fishlike body and a huge head with gleaming eyes and a [illegible] of hinged jaws that gaped wide [illegible] search for the prey that had [illegible] them.

The light [illegible] phosphorescent [illegible] used by the creature to draw its [illegible] within the cavern in which it [illegible]

For a Moment Donald Felt His Heart Stand Still With Fear. It Was a Nightmare Figure, Terror Incarnate.

The slightest [illegible] cent, and again the lure appeared, dangling between the jaws from the [illegible]

Donald pushed Ida before him and [illegible] out of the cave until he trod upon the ocean [illegible]. And [illegible] continued to crawl at the bottom of the sea two helpless [illegible] creatures [illegible] [illegible] eternal food.

Murder, a daily holocaust, [illegible] deep sea's portion!

Donald had found the [illegible] of the island when the water began to grow thick again.

Presently a phosphorescence [illegible] appeared in the distance. [illegible] [illegible]

However, the creature made no move toward him as Donald, almost paralyzed, remained confronting it. He saw the gorilla form, with its short, budding [illegible] the [illegible] the narrow [illegible] [illegible] head.

He felt as some prehistoric man [illegible] have done when he looked into the [illegible] of the mastodon.

The creature [illegible] stood, swaying [illegible] Donald s[illegible] He tripped [illegible]

He dragged [illegible] He became [illegible] the monster [illegible] perhaps [illegible] upon [illegible] growth that seemed to be [illegible] It was a [illegible]

Beautiful plants [illegible] eyes as they drew in the minute forms of life on which they subsisted. They were vegetable octopods, carnivorous [illegible] which feasted on the [illegible] that [illegible] their [illegible] ciliary movement [illegible] tentacles [illegible]

With [illegible] ooze [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] bottom of the [illegible] reached [illegible] toward [illegible] king fingers. At last the [illegible] of [illegible] oids ended. They trod on [illegible] became [illegible]

[illegible] in an arm barred the way. An[illegible] bed of lilies lay in their path. [illegible] seemed no way thru the crinoid [illegible] of the mountain.

[illegible] the other had become entangled in those lily beds, if, indeed [illegible] encountered a more dreadful fate. Donald was torn between two impulses—that to save Ida, and that which [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] plunged toge[illegible] jelly again [illegible] to them, [illegible] sought to suck them do[illegible] light of the lamps was gro[illegible] The direction of the mountain [illegible] unknown to them; it might [illegible] miles away, or yards [illegible]

Donald began to realize that the [illegible] tallic chamber was becoming [illegible] [illegible]kening atmosphere.

Their steps grew slower. Ida could hardly raise her feet. Once she stumbled and fell, picked herself up, and started beside Donald again; then she sank down exhausted. She could not [illegible]rther.

Death, horrible in form, awaited them. It was becoming imminent. Donald was growing delirious, and in fancy he [illegible] strolling [illegible] flowers [illegible] the morrow [illegible] leave [illegible] When should [illegible]

[illegible] low her [illegible]

At that [illegible]'s decision [illegible] enough to [illegible] the delirium, [illegible] anticipate [illegible] still re[illegible] [illegible] might [illegible] such [illegible]

[illegible] un[illegible] about [illegible] little electric [illegible] grown so dim [illegible] would remember that [illegible]

He [illegible] and took [illegible] it from [illegible] breath as [illegible] upon his [illegible] he drew [illegible]

There, at the bottom of the sea, Donald meets MacHeard, and learns more about the horrors of submarine life, and the control MacHeard has over the monsters.

Concluding

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 1313

By Charles Edmonds Walk

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COFFIN-SHAPED BOX

AFTER Capt. Tom Phinney joined the two girls, he was not long in comprehending that his and their moods had become reversed. In some unaccountable way, during the few hours of their separation, Which he had been weighted down by no very pressing anxiety, and they unmistakably had been, he was now taciturn under stress of an acute and growing mental perturbation, while his companions apparently were care-free and happy. The change was most noticeable in Jessie Willard, for beneath Delia's gay humor there still ran an undercurrent of gravity.

However, even Jessie remained in no less distrait; but that her thoughts were not unpleasant was evident in her countenance and an unfathomable light in her eyes attested.

As the car drew up at the pier where Tom was waiting, Jessie clasped her hands and cried enthusiastically:

"Let's combine breakfast and luncheon here! We should be the place all to ourselves. There is nothing so tiresome as being cooped up in a yacht that doesn't go anywhere."

The others agreed; but in spite of the lighthearted chatter of the two girls, Tom was constantly relapsing into a state of gloomy, preoccupied silence.

On one occasion he detected Delia regarding him with a curious look.

"Did you see your friend?" she inquired, catching his glance.

"He is out of town," Tom answered shortly.

"I didn't know but that you had heard some news," she said, undismayed. "it seems strange that we can't all stay at the same time."

"I you'll tell me where you went to shed your troubles, I'd like to go myself," said Tom, and wondered why Jessie Willard blushed so deeply.

He was not to be rallied, however, and the meal was a long drawn out [illegible] Delia would not occur. In truth, had he been a bit more discerning, to the presidency with which Delia kept Jessie Willard close to her, he must have suspected a definite purpose. Since the latter might not become fearful of being alone with him-for Tom, where his emotions were involved, was looked upon as a decidedly uncertain quantity—and with characteristic maidenly reluctance she was postponing the inevitable moment as long as possible. Of course, this aspect of the matter was slow to enter his head else he might have saved himself a deal of unavailing fretting and chagrin.

However, about mid-afternoon the two girls excused themselves and retired and Tom was enabled once more to contemplate the Kohinur more as a vessel of which he was master, and less as an isolated corner of Kennedy.

One of the first things he observed was the presence of a stranger. For some minutes, underneath his tiredness and hunger, had stirred a vague sense that he was being watched. And happening to look in a certain direction, his glance encountered a man whom he had not before seen. He promptly walked up to the stranger and demanded to know what he was doing on board. Winnard, the second mate, was to the episode, and he took it upon himself to explain.

"He's all right, sir. Mr Willard brought him aboard last night."

With the moral certainty that the newcomer had been watching him all afternoon, Tom went to his cabin.

Alone, he took up again the burden of his doubts and uncertainties.

Should he not warn Willard that Flint was close upon his trail? What would Willard think of the Man of Iron's interference? His position strongly urged him to go to the charterer and lay the matter before him.

Then his vacillating will would take a pendulum swing to the other extreme. he ought to go over to the Claremont and "phone Flint where Willard was to be found; if the latter were really engaged in no dishonorable employment, then no harm could come to him.

But then, if he was to be believed, Tom would thus be lending himself to the defeat of justice and right.

And on, round and round in a circle went his thoughts, with no hope of arriving at a solution of the many difficulties. If he could only talk to Delia, alone, for half an hour, perhaps she could help him. But he did not see her again that day.

So matters stood until the next evening, Friday. The period was uneventful. Try as he would, Tom could not get Delia alone. Every time she appeared on deck or at meals, Jessie Willard was her inseparable companion, until even he began to suspect a design in the suddenly formed intimacy. He left them in a dudgeon and shunned their society until, out of sheer desperation over his mental conflict, he was driven back to them.

Friday evening, however, brought a change. The male element of Willard's party became animated by an unusual activity. There was much going and coming, shouting and [illegible]

[illegible] of the way.

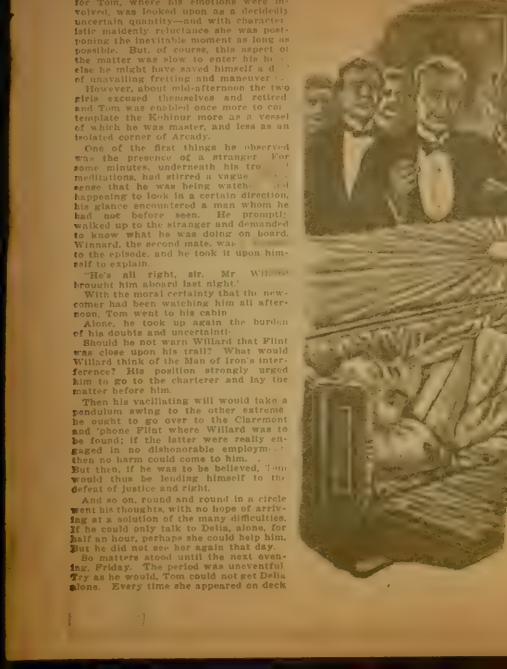
And then, some time close to midnight, Max Willard and two of his young men boarded the launch; but now, instead of going over to the Claremont landing, the little craft fluttered away down-stream and was soon lost in the night.

This Tells the Story to Date

NUMBER 1313 the silent house of mystery, wherein nobody has ever been seen to enter, suddenly has a visitor. And not only one, but three visitors, who arrive one hour apart. There is a fourth visitor, but it is a veiled woman, who looks like neither Van Vechten. Later a man is seen to leave the place. Van Vechten and his friend follow him towards the elevated structure, and as they turn the corner, the young man falls dead; his mysterious assailant disappears completely. Several days later Tom Phinney, out on a pleasure trip, is suddenly seized on his way from Van Vechten store to his cat-boat, blindfolded, and led into a house in the woods, where he is securely tied, and shut in. A girl with a wonderfully sweet voice, with which he falls in love, rescues him. In the meantime Van Vechten becomes more and more puzzled about the disappearance of his cousin, Paige Carew, of whom nothing has been heard for a number of weeks. Her gold purse is found in the House of Mystery. Later, a cablegram from England announces that two women answering the description of Paige and Mrs. Devereaux sailed for America under the names of Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Schuyler. Van Vechten receives [illegible] was Mrs. Devereaux's [illegible] the House of Mystery, [illegible] to her rather [illegible] and a [illegible] of [illegible] Vechten [illegible] the boy from Paris, visits the House of Mystery and finds there [illegible] The man is found [illegible] the woman. Van Vechten [illegible] man's interior [illegible] orders the girl [illegible] minutes he is beaten [illegible] bility. In the meantime [illegible] ney becomes captain [illegible] yacht chartered by [illegible] party. When his party [illegible] board he discovers a couple [illegible] mular voices. Tom finds the girl of [illegible] dreams on the yacht. In the [illegible] time, Van Vechten is laid up [illegible] New York apartment, and it [illegible] he is out of town. However [illegible] second of the two girls, the [illegible] known as Jessie Willard [illegible] visits [illegible] of her apartment [illegible] promises [illegible] him [illegible] is well.

This story, I Can to No. 1, the Ledger dated [illegible] 28. Back copies containing previous chapters of the story may be obtained from [illegible] office, newsdealers or our [illegible]

Tom retired to his cabin, but could not sleep. He was oppressed by a sense of anticipation, a conviction that something was about to happen. When he heard the launch returning after two o'clock in the morning, he was [illegible]



He Pointed to the Motionless Form and for a Moment Regarded It Tenderly.

enough to go above to see if anything would transpire to account for the midnight excursion.

Willard came first up the ladder, issuing low-voiced directions to the two men. Then they came, with considerable difficulty by reason of an unwieldy burden.

As well as Tom could make out in the darkness, in shape and size what they carried was just such a box as is used as a container for a coffin. The three went quickly below with their burden, and quiet reigned over the Kohinur.

In point of fact, from that time on until the final terrible hour when despair and horror laid their icy clutch upon Tom Phinney's heart, an unnatural calm seemed to prevail. It was as if the yacht and all on board were subdued by the apprehensive dread of impending tragedy.

And still Tom could not make up his mind as to what he ought to do.

But this intolerable high-tension mental stress was in a measure relieved by the [illegible] of Saturday afternoon.

About [illegible] three o'clock Max Willard instructed him to get up a full head of [illegible] at once and be in readiness, during the night to drop down the river.

"Are we to clear tonight, sir?" Tom asked with considerable eagerness.

"I don't know positively yet," Willard replied in a [illegible] tone. "When the signal comes to get under way, it will come in a hurry, and from then on until we are out of the [illegible] there will be a matter of consideration. You will know before morning."

"Everything is in readiness," Tom advised him.

"That is very gratifying." The magnetic eyes rested searchingly upon the speaker for a moment.

"Captain Phinney," Willard asked after the pause, "do I appear composed?"

The latter returned Tom in surprise. "I should have thought [illegible]"

Indeed, save for the burning brilliance of [illegible] Max Willard's mien was, if anything, [illegible]

"Well, then," he said, "it will be difficult to make you believe that no man [illegible] under a great [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ever it is old Willard's plotting—what's the matter?"

His hearer had uttered a little cry, and was now looking at him with a shocked and puzzled expression.

"How in the world," she demanded, "did you ever reach such a conclusion?"

"I didn't," truthfully explained Tom. "But a detective and Ruddy—that's my chum—did because the missing girl's purse was found in that old house where Willard hung out so long."

There was a silent pause while the girl seemed to consider, and Tom watched her earnestly and fondly. At last the fine hazel eyes met his with a sober look.

"What is it you want to know?" she gravely asked.

"Della"—Tom's voice lowered perceptibly and a serious note crept into it—"you ought to know—you ought to see—where my chief interest lies. Hang it all! I wish I could express myself better. But if you can't see that my first concern is for you, it's going to be dashed hard for me to explain. Don't you think, tho, it's about time to tell me who you are?—just where you come into all this crazy mystery? Believe me, I don't want to seem inquisitive, but you can lift a mighty big weight of trouble off my shoulders."

"Captain Phinney," [illegible] the girl after a moment, "I sought this interview deliberately. I wanted to tell you that I have seen just how harassed with anxiety you have been, and that I have a deep appreciation of your fidelity to a project about which you know so little, and which at best you fear is irregular—dishonest, perhaps. But please God—by this time tomorrow all cause for worry will have been removed; and if my word bears any weight, you have nothing to cause you any concern or misgivings."

"That," Tom interjected, "removes the last doubt. You're a brick!"

But she was not thru. [illegible] haltingly now and with slowly heightening color:

"I am telling you these things because it is not right that my influence should govern you, as it seemed to be doing, and you ignorant of my very identity."

In this mien the girl was so unutterably sweet and charming that Tom could scarcely contain himself. He darted a [illegible] at which her color all at once deepened still more, and she dropped her gaze with a nervous little laugh. It was just [illegible] train of thought.

"That's something soon remedied," he urged her eagerly.

And now the beautiful face took on a [illegible] and she regarded him quizzically.

"Captain Phinney, hasn't even the tiniest suspicion entered your head as to who I am?" she asked.

"Why should there [illegible]" he returned. "And why [illegible] Captain Phinney' too? Night before last I was 'Tom' easy enough."

"Well, then—Tom. I have no especial reluctance to calling you Tom; I have known you for years."

He stared at her [illegible] astonishment. And [illegible] smiling, mocking, altogether bewitching.

Gradually Tom recovered himself. "Come, now," he protested. "I really thought you were in earnest."

Of a sudden she dropped upon a locker-seat and motioned him to do likewise. Slowly and dazedly, he obeyed.

"Listen," she pursued. "I know a girl who has lived nearly all her life abroad. She has a man cousin of whom she has always been awfully fond; whom, as a very young girl, she looked up to and regarded as quite the personification of wisdom and every manly virtue.

"Now, that cousin had a chum of whom he thought so much that he never tired of singing his praises to the girl cousin. She was fourteen years old, I believe, and very impressionable. Anyway, she became so interested in her cousin's chum—she had never seen him, mind—that he assumed in her fancy the place of a hero. She even stole one of his photographs and kept it hidden away where nobody else could see it, but where she could take a peep at it whenever she wanted to."

The expression [illegible] was slowly overspreading Tom's [illegible] was almost ludicrous. By [illegible] comprehending [illegible]

[illegible]

"You are [illegible] You [illegible] are— [illegible]"

CHAPTER XXX

[illegible]

If M[illegible] overwhelm Capt. Tom Phinney with amazement at her disclosure, she must [illegible] been eminently well pleased with the result; in point of fact, she made no effort to conceal her amusement; but in a moment a change came over him that at first startled and next dismayed her, for something had happened that she had not foreseen and could not comprehend now.

Slowly the color [illegible]ded from his cheeks, leaving them an ashy hue under their coating of tan, and his eyes took on the look of a man that has been stricken a mortal blow. First of all it occurred to [illegible] that [illegible] Carew, then nothing whatever had happened [illegible] mistaking [illegible] agent; there [illegible] clash of interests, or else—if the alternative were true—she [illegible] allied with Mrs. Willard and against her uncle and [illegible] in and—[illegible] the flash of [illegible], that now crushed him.

But in any event, doubt of the regularity of Willard's enterprise was definitely removed; and the mystery became [illegible] with a deeper and a weightier [illegible] than he had dreamed [illegible]

But, Ruddy [illegible] escaped [illegible] It was [illegible] and [illegible]

"Captain [illegible]" she exclaimed. "What [illegible] What have I done?"

He smiled a bit wistfully.

"You. Nothing [illegible] pened [illegible] do [illegible] where women are concerned."

She stared at him blankly, uncomprehending.

"[illegible] bright," she presently declared. "I do not understand. I cannot see why you should be so affected."

He [illegible] forward with [illegible] wrist. [illegible] very gently either—and until [illegible] was close to his, he spoke [illegible] voice.

"I suppose it means nothing to [illegible] that I have learned to love you. I suppose it [illegible] are the fiancee [illegible] best friend [illegible] that I must g[illegible] I suppose it means nothing to you that I [illegible] right on loving you bec[illegible] myself, but must put on [illegible] from him—from everybody. God! How I do love you! I have the satisfaction, anyhow, of knowing that you know."

Her regard had remained steadfastly locked with his thruout this impassioned tirade, nor did it waver now. Gently she told him:

"You are hurting me, Tom."

In a sweet revulsion of feeling, he [illegible]

"Forgive me," he begged, "[illegible] beside myself. A fellow can't get used to a thing like this all in a minute. But, believe me, Miss Carew, [illegible] you again. It's all been like a fairy dream—from the second I first heard your voice as I stood blindfolded before you; [illegible] less in the dark, and yet could not see your face; when you led me out into the night and left me, still blindfolded; [illegible] that I have [illegible] until this moment; but I don't want to forget a single detail of the dream. Now, I am awake."

She surprised him [illegible] of impatience, em[illegible] of one foot. Her [illegible]

"[illegible] You make me tired!"

[illegible]

"Well, I [illegible] asperating man I [illegible] don't know whether to laugh [illegible]" And doing both, she darted [illegible] from the room.

Miss Carew had not been gone a minute before the stranger he had accosted the previous day appeared in the doorway.

"[illegible]" [illegible] the [illegible]

Tom was impatient of any interruption at this juncture. He favored the intruder with a scowl and bluntly asked him what he wanted.

The man stepped inside and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] it puzzled [illegible] Before [illegible] it on the table, and upon this he laid a ten-dollar bill.

"Whoever takes that letter ashore," said the man, "and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of surprise; his susceptibilities [illegible] become callo[us] [illegible] sations of this nature; but nevertheless he was amazed to see that the name upon the envelope was none other than Mr. Phineas Flint's. The street number—which Tom could not identify—was police headquarters.

"My uncle," explained the man, glibly.

Very carefully Tom replaced the envelope, and upon top of it the bill; then he leaned back and fixed the man with a [illegible]

"See here," he demanded with abrupt authority, "just how [illegible] on this yacht anyhow?"

The man's countenance expressed astonishment. "Hasn't Mr. Willard told you?" he asked.

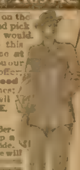
"It [illegible] difference what Mr. Willard has told me—I'm asking you."

This abrupt manner left the man unruffled.

"[illegible] Thursday [illegible] Willard was in town, looking for a young man to take the place of somebody that had been hurt; I was wanting a job, and he put me wise to it. Mr. Willard was [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

$10 FOR YOU If You Answer This Ad



If you saw a $10.00 bill on the street, would you stop and pick it up? —of course, you would. Then stop and pick up this $10. Send us your name at once and we will send you our startling world beating offer, so liberal it seems too good to be true. You need clothes; of course you do. Let us tell you how to get them FREE.

Write at Once

Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to pick up a lot of extra money on the side.

If you will be our agent we will [illegible] everything free [illegible] not a penny. [illegible] Dollars are lost by delay.

[illegible] Co., Dept. 1802, Chicago, Ill.

½ PRICE $2.50 SEND NO MONEY

IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK.

[illegible] SEND NO MONEY [illegible]

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.
Dept. KJL Las Cruces, N. Mex.

6 MONTHS TO PAY for the Black Beauty

beautiful and best-built [illegible] sensation of the bicycle world!

18 Exclusive Features

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO. [illegible]

1.99 SEND NO MONEY FREE

FORD WATCH CO. Winona, Minn.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, [illegible] umbrellas, parasols, stockings [illegible] postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 [illegible]
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Medicated Smoke Drives Out Catarrh

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. It usually begins with a cold in the head or nostrils. An un[illegible] Catarrh. [illegible] throat, bron[chial tubes], lungs, [illegible] sore throat, bron[illegible]

A PLEASANT SMOKE FROM HERBS, LEAVES, FLOWERS AND BERRIES
(CONTAINS NO TOBACCO)

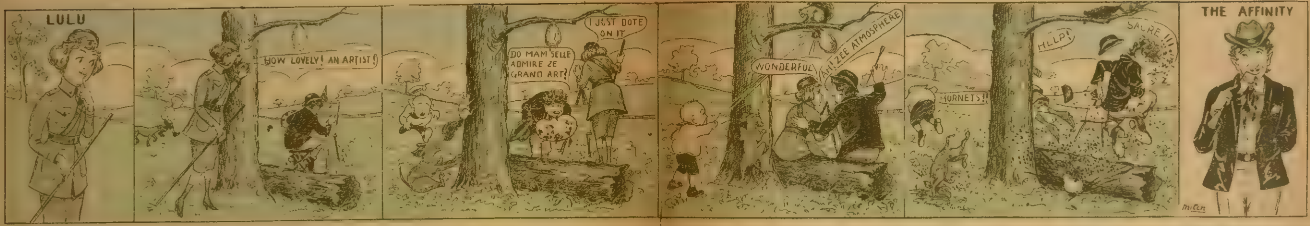
[illegible] case may be, you should know what this Remedy will do for you.

SEND TEN CENTS FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

[illegible] letter enclosing ten cents (in coin or stamps), [illegible] mail to Th[illegible] [illegible] be delighted [illegible] smoke-vapor goes to every [illegible] will readily understand [illegible] head- [illegible] ject to frequent colds, [illegible] Remedy. The regular package of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh [illegible] (either [illegible] days' supply for the pipe or one hundred cigarettes). If you suffer from [catarr]h, you should order a regular package today, or send ten cents for the Trial Outfit to

THE BLOSSER COMPANY, Box 4227 ATLANTA, GA.

LOVESICK LULU - - GOES ON A HIKE AND MEETS AN AFFINITY



Not Crossed in Love.

A ... timental young lady ... saw a young girl ... on a trunk in ... jection and d...

"Poor thing," thought the romantic young lady, "she is probably alone and a stranger! Her pale cheeks and great sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy."

She went over to the traveler to win her confidence.

"Crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl, with a sigh. ...

Slight Misunderstanding.

... was call- ... further oc- ... imed the editor. I ... always pleased.

"Oh, I was referring to myself," was the placid rejoinder.

Poor Mr. John!

"What's leisure, p...?"

"Leisure, my son, is the two minutes' rest a man gets while his wife is hunting up something else for him to d..."

Swindling Profiteer.

... was talking ... about war profiteers.

"The ... kind of profiteer," he ... swindling kind. The profi... on ammunition or on steel ... give you something for your money, but the swindler gives you noth...

"I heard the other day of a boy who ... to his father:

"Father, is it true that honesty is the best policy?"

"The father blew a cloud from his cigar.

"'You bet it's true,' he answered. 'If there weren't a lot of mighty honest peo- ... ver have cleaned up half a million in six ... ths out of ...'"

Not As Expected.

"... said the proud mother to a neighbor, 'do grow more like his father every day.'

And the neighbor, knowing the father, asked:

'Do he now? And have you tried everything?'"

A Clumsy Wooer.

... "How does ... love ..."

Marie—"Well, I ... as unskilled labor."

Before and After.

"Woman's work is never done," sighed Mrs. ...

"That's right," agreed Mr. Gabb. "Before she marries she puts in four hours a day to develop her shape, and after she marries she puts in four hours a day trying to reduce it."

Another ...

... ok we've got everythin... ... ldren, we haven't ... thing, have me?"

"Shall I get in now, my dear?" said ... gloves.

"Why, yes, of course!" beamed Mrs. Manager. "Get in! I knew there was something else!"

The Club.

"Germany's creed was Germany," ... Representative Dudley Doolittle ... many believed herself in all things ... perior to the rest of mankind.

"A good creed, a good working ...," he added, "but the trouble with lots ... good creeds is that their p... apt to turn them from a staff ... club."

Agreeable Coincident.

Creditor—"You couldn't ride around in your fine automobile if you paid your honest debts."

... at it in the same light that I do."

Might Satisfy Her

Foreman—"That machine can do the work of a dozen men."

Visitor—"Gee whiz! My wife ought to have married it."

One Other Light

Mrs. ... Mr. ... the M... our honey... Mr. Ba... remember we...

... sured my life for $5,000.

Use of the Hammer

A British gunner who had successfully passed a blacksmith course was home on furlough. A civilian, noticing the insignia on his sleeve, namely, the hammer and tongs, asked what it me... ... said Tommy, "I'm an ..."

... d the civilian. "Of cours... are for extract... ... a of the hamm... it's like th... ...ome of ...

Profiteers

"... teers," said Representative ..., Maryland, "are catching it on ... When a ... some attac... itch ...

Mrs. Mer... you tel... married ... was such a good cook?" ... said Merryweather ... od exc...

Prohibition's Work

... lack of realism in this ...

... swaggers into a ...n and ... le ... kept up with the march ... of the hardest cases in ... are drinking ginger ale ...

Just a Suggestion

"... stout," said the profess... panied his wife in va...

"What of it?" demanded the ... sopran...

"Just a suggestion. ... grand piano when you sin... parson you'll look positively ..."

A Poor Talker

"... that you have been ... Perkins' wife. Is she ..."

"Fair. She goes around in about a hundred strokes and a couple of thousand words."—Life.

Knew What She Was About.

"And you allowed that young man to ..."

"That was very indiscreet."

"Not at all. I had looked up his finan..."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

An Awful Shock.

She—"M... is going to ... vorce fr... that young Lieutenant Bag... ... month ..."

He—"You don't say so! What's the trouble?"

She—"Mildred came across a photograph of him taken in civilian's clothes."—Judge.

Pa's Explanation

"Pa, who are the Bulgars?"

"I don't know much about them, son, but they seem to be a race of swift runners that once thought themselves fight..."

The Trouble

She—"Alice and I can hardly understand each other over the phone."

He—"Well, talk one at a time."

An Imitator.

Jack—"Our curate has been appointed an army chaplain."

... he may ... it ... don't believe he ... original ... Charles ..."

Safe

"Why did you take me for a ..."

"Well, ... So that's wh..."

Of Course

Senator King sa... Washington:

"I heard last ... mon on wo...

He ...

"The text ... taken from R..."

Reverse Action

Lawyer—"Are you ...?"

Lady Witness—"No, I'm unmarri..."

Lawyer—"What judge unmar... you?"

His Supply.

"Say, mister, I've got ... they'd allow me, but if next winter lasts over two weeks we're doomed to freeze to death."

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

147—My first is in sausage but not ...
My second is in carrot but not ...
My third is in money but not in ...
My fourth is in modest but not ...
My fifth is in yarn but not ...
My whole is a soldier ...

Americans.

148 ... nt days ... 1 Noised ... A red ... 4 Oh, rove ... Rough rubs 7 Sad line 8 ...

Composite Word

149—Ha! Gertrude and Hal. We want ... to wee Gertrude to ...

Fill the blank with a word containing ten of the words preceding it.

The Missing Link.

150 ... had six pieces of chain ... links each which he ... an endless piece of ... 8 cents to cut a link ... is to weld it again, and ... bought ...

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

143. Four Word Square

144. Poetic Enigma

145. Arithmetic

146. Beheadings.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Once Enough

... and Marianne ... said ...

... feeling very ...

No, a th...

Rash Promise

"What ...

His Aim in Life

... your boy is in the medical corps ... that he has ...

"What is the ..."

"He wants to conduct a post mortem examination on the Ka..."

A Hungry Theorist.

Mr. ...

In Ample Time.

... were ... by not too late.

I missed the sermon, but I was in on the c...

Sure

"Bo... Yes ... What part of it ... 'Comin' hom...'"

Didn't Count.

Henpecked Austria.

The speaker was Col. Roscoe Conk...

... man living would dare to call me henpecked," Peck shouted one evening over his third beer ... "Why not?" ... if he did," said P...

What He Didn't Want

Left to His Fate.

Kelly's Opinion

... can't you read

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS

A polite man never meets a stranger.

Self-possession is nine points with the lawyer.

Even good luck can't do anything for a quitter.

A man never poses as a hypocrite when he is alone.

A preferred creditor is one who never asks for his money.

One [illegible] should make one strong [illegible]

[illegible] and she usually has a [illegible] of it.

A girl hasn't much use for a man who is too cowardly to propose.

Time and tide wait for no man—and a woman is always behind time.

Mind your own business unless you are paid for minding other people's.

More men would have indigestion if compelled to eat their own words.

Every time a girl gets a small dent in her heart she imagines it is broken.

When a man is looking for difficulties he will find two where he expects one.

At some period in his career every man carries something in his pocket for luck.

Don't climb so high that the world will not see you when it wants to remove the ladder.

An enthusiastic meeting is that of two girl chums who haven't seen each other for an hour.

Only once or twice in a lifetime does everybody agree with your point of view on everything.

Possession may be nine-tenths of the law, but the way you got it is the important one-tenth.

After a man reaches the top of the heap he worries continually because of the attempts to displace him.

If the average man would think as hard over ways to succeed as he does over excuses for failures he wouldn't need nearly so many excuses.

In living alone in a hut amid the mountains a hermit can have his own way if that is what he wants, but that is all he has.

Nearly every man has had "money-to-burn" episodes in his life, and he is still uncertain whether they were worth while or not.

Bright glow of a grate fire will convince you that you are comfortable, altho you know the thermometer in the room only marks 62.

A certain business man in this town sent the office boy out after a cover for his typewriter and the bright youth returned with a silk sweater.

It is better to pay for experience in money than in mortification—for mortification is always paid on the installment plan with the debt never liquidated.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

ALTHO the peace treaties have not been signed, and probably won't be for several months, peace is virtually upon us again except for the formality of agreeing upon the terms. As this is being written the nation is getting over its exuberation because the war is over and is beginning to settle down to the normal life of before the war. Readjustment is beginning, a readjustment that will not be complete for several years. Never again will we go back to exactly the same conditions as existed before 1914. Our lives have been given a new impetus, we have learned many things, we have advanced along hundreds of lines. Now to make our everyday life conform to them.

WHAT is true of us as individuals and of us as a nation is true of all our industries. No part in reconstruction will be greater than to be played by publications of all kinds. The new note will be sounded even in our fiction. We are filled up on things pertaining to war. We will want to read of other and more peaceful things. Readers will demand that editors again give them stories of adventure, love, mystery and so on and editors will do so. For, after all, we read fiction to be amused and entertained and with the more serious things out of our minds, with more leisure in which to read, we shall want more and more the stories we found most pleasing before the war.

THE LEDGER, as usual, is among the first to sense the new order of things. Its editor right now is buying or ordering written the stories which he believes will suit you best next year. During the last four years those who write for a living have found the picking scanty. Stories that in other days would have been hailed as masterpieces and have been snapped up by editors have gone a-begging because people, with their minds concentrated on winning the war, have not demanded the fiction of old. But better days are in store for the writer. The stories he had on hand when the war came along, the stories he has been writing since, will be eagerly sought by editors. The Ledger has not been [illegible] to sense the arrival of the new day and [illegible]

NEXT week you will be introduced to a splendid [illegible] of character of The Garfish, a typical Westerner of other days. The real Garfish is still living, quietly and serenely in a Colorado city. The author of this series of stories knows the Garfish intimately. He also knows the West of the Garfish's day. Equipped with this he has taken the stories told by the Garfish himself and used them as a basis for three stories that we know you will like. They are not like any stories you ever read before and they are chock full of the humor which made the real Garfish famous on the range of old. "The Capture of Banjo Billy" is the first of the series and it will appear next week.

WHAT is true of the Ledger as sensing the new order of things is true of The Saturday Blade and "Lone Scout," the other weekly publications of the W. D. Boyce Company. The Blade has served you well during the war. It has kept you informed on everything that has gone on. It has presented the doings of the world in a clear, concise manner that has enabled those who have read it faithfully to know with a feeling of satisfaction that they have kept in touch with events and that what they have read has been facts and not the rumora which the daily papers have been compelled to present to their readers. Yet the Blade has not lost any of its individuality, any of the things which made it one of the most widely known publications in the world and established it in a field that is all its own. The Blade reader always swears by the Blade. As the Blade has served you in times of war so it will serve you in times of peace, serve you as it has served you for so many years, and even better. New features will be added from time to time and, above all, the Blade will keep in touch with the march of events and help you to keep in touch.

"LONE SCOUT," the boys' paper which has been such a phenomenal success, recently was enlarged and the price made a nickel. Every boy who reads "Lone Scout" is its admirer for life. Just now a new serial of compelling interest and a new series of tales of the days when the West was young are starting. If your boy isn't reading "Lone Scout" hand him a nickel and tell him to buy one from the agent who sells you the Blade and Ledger. Then sit back and watch him go to it. That nickel will be the best investment for your boy you ever made, and while you read the Blade and Ledger rest content that your boy is getting the best reading in the world

The Editor.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Another Cup-bearer for the Immortals.

Miss Boozel Beers of Ipava was a caller in the city yesterday afternoon.—From the Canton (Ill.) Ledger.

More Fuelery.

That Prof. H. H. Stoek (pronounced Stoke) is a member of the State Advisory committee of the Illinois Fuel Administration.

Proud of Her Sinfulness.

Keokuk is keeping the ban on herself, spraying out her nose and throat regularly, and avoiding face-to-face contact with religious fervor these days. —Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City.

The Stiff Neck Period.

The airplanes which passed over today and yesterday is causing the people to look up, that never have seen one.—Harrison Township Correspondent of the Malvern (Ark.) Record.

The Congressional Grammar.

Mr. Cannon—"And that is the road over which when automobiles pass they lie awake nights and are out in the daytime seeking to arrest people?" (Laughter.)—Congressional Record.

A Plausible Explanation.

The dining room at the Richter hotel in Milford Center was closed Tuesday on account of a lack of help and the high cost of provisions, and expense of operating.—Marysville (Ohio) Tribune.

It Sounded Precisely Like That Here.

The whistles, fire bells, church bells, auto horns, and the shooting of guns were blowed, rung, and shot at noon, Thursday, for the unconditional surrender of Germany.—West Salem (Wis.) Nonpareil Journal.

Loosen Up, Jim.

James Boren, of Spring Valley, was casting some [illegible] eyes up White Oak Hollow last week. Bet- [illegible] Correspondent of the North Arkansas Star.

Signs of the Time.

Sign in front of a store in a Missouri town:

J. Burd Egg: For Sale
and Other Country Pro Ducks.

On a real estate office, west Texas:

U. R. Greene
I say it. Come in. Let's Talk it over. Will buy or sell your home.

Wouldn't You Love to Room There?

WANTED—A club of ten young college students, to room and board. None accepted who chew, smoke or swear in the house. Must be in by 10 p. m., unless some special occasion, or dismissed. 816 N. Bxta Heslop-Best.—Crookston (Minn.) Times.

Say, Listen, Watson!

Ex officio I predict that our population will not become lessened by the war. I believe that the draft boards of the country, while they have a sad duty to perform, have a sincere desire to do all the good they can.—C. V. Porter, Vernon County Draft Board.—La Crosse (Wis.) Tribune.

Example of Climax.

We urge and recommend, that our people pause from their daily avocations, suspend business, and reverently give thanks for the liberation of mankind from such awful carnage as this war has caused, but we must warn everybody against danger of influenza.—Proclamation by the mayor of Marshalltown, Iowa.

Holmes, Sweet Holmes.

Notice.—On and after September 20 I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by my wife, Mrs. Florence Holmes.—J. P. Holmes.

Notice.—I, Florence Holmes, have never contracted debts on my husband, J. P. Holmes, but have sold my horses to buy grub since I have been married to him.—Florence Holmes.—Casper (Wyo.) Press.

The Patriotic J. P.

The city of Denning and the city of Altus have awoke to the call of J. P. and come across with that old long green and are having their streets graded by your Uncle J. P. Gowing and his young, red-blooded American sons, and very honorably assisted by Mr. Sim Pool, who has proudly answered his country's call to arms, and will leave just as soon as Uncle Sam gets his gun and kikie ready. Yes, and the overseer has a brother in France, and too many nephews and cousins to mention.—Denning (Ark.) Correspondent of the Ozark Democrat-Enterprise.

It Isn't Too Late to Begin It Now If You Aren't Reading This Story

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

A Review of the Story

LED by an Eskimo dog which finds him in Madison Square, Paul Hewlett, who has lately left the employ of Tom Carson on coming into some money, sees a lovely, frightened girl leave a notorious gambling den. He rescues her from two men, then takes her to his own apartment, since he can find no other shelter for her. Impelled by intangible fear, he goes back to find her crouching dazedly against the wall, a bloody knife in her hand, and a dead man on the floor. He learns her name is Jacqueline, that she is married, and that she lives north of Quebec. He gets rid of the dead man, and the next day, after a brush with Simon Leroux, a crook whose plans include the capture of Jacqueline, they start for Quebec. They then prepare for a trip to Golden River, where Jacqueline's father, Charles Duchaine, has a chateau. Paul, who tells the story, is attacked and knocked out. He comes to, to find that Jacqueline has been spirited away. Captain Dubois rescues her, and they steam on to St. Boniface. There they engage a dog team to take them to the chateau, and the journey begins happily. On the way the dogs die of poison. Paul forgets his snow glasses and one morning, on awaking, Jacqueline remembers the murder and flees. Paul runs after her, and finds that he is snow blind. Leroux, who is following, mocks Paul and leaves him in the snow, while he carries off the girl. Guided by an Eskimo dog, Pere Antoine finds Paul and rescues him. He then informs Paul that he has married Jacqueline to her cousin, Duchaine, Jacqueline's father is a half-wit absorbed in routine. Leroux practically owns the seigniory, and demands that Paul [illegible] He has reason for murdering [illegible] Paul, [illegible] plans miscarry, and he is made a captive. The Curé Duchaine saves the day.

This story began in the Ledger Number dated November 5. Copies containing previous chapters can be obtained either thru the office of publication or from our newsdealers or agents.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE HIDDEN CHAMBER.

SIMON turned just in time. The chair went crashing to the floor and bounded and rebounded out of the room and along the little hall. Philippe jumped in terror from the place where he crouched.

And then the last strand broke, and I was free to slip the cords from my limbs.

"You old fool!" screamed Leroux, catching Duchaine by the wrists. But Charles Duchaine possessed the strength of a madman. He grasped Leroux round the waist and clung to him, and would not be shaken off.

"Kill him!" he screamed. "He is a spy! He has come to betray me to the Government!"

What followed was the work of a moment. I saw Jacqueline pull down both breadboards from the wall. She flung one down beside me just as I was staggering to my feet.

Leroux shook off the old man at last. He turned on me. I swung the sword aloft and brought it down upon his skull.

Heaven knows I struck to kill; but my wrist was feeble from the ropes, and the blade fell flat. It drew no blood, but Leroux dropped like a stricken ox upon the floor.

"This way!" gasped the old man.

He pulled at Jacqueline's arm, and half led and half dragged her thru the open door behind his chair, I following. Lacroix sprang into the room, called, but whether to us or to the other ruffians I did not know. Leroux sat up and looked about him, dazed and bewildered.

Then I was in the little room with Jacqueline and Duchaine, and he turned and bolted the door behind us. He seemed possessed of the strength and decision of youth again.

When I stood there before the room had been as dark as pitch, but now a flicker of light was at the far end. A voice cried:

"Maleur! Maleur! I have not forgotten thee!"

It was Pierre Caribou I saw his figure silhouetted against the light of the flaring candle which he held in his hand.

Duchaine had placed one arm about his daughter's waist, and was urging her along. But she stopped, and looked back to me. I saw she held one broadsword in her hand, as I held the other.

"Come, monsieur!" she gasped.

But I was too mad with the desire to make an end of Leroux to accompany her. I wanted to go back. I tried to find the bolt of the door in the gloom, but while my fingers were fumbling for it Jacqueline came running back to me.

"Quick, or we are lost!" she cried.

"I am going back," I answered, still fumbling for the bolt Duchaine had drawn.

"No! We are safe inside. It is a secret room. My father made it in the first days of his sojourn here in case he was pursued, and none but Pierre and

Leroux Dropped Like a Stricken Ox.

he know the secret. Ah, come, monsieur [illegible]

[illegible] to me desperately, [illegible] there was an intensity of entreaty in her voice.

I hesitated. There was no sound in the room without, and I believed that the two ruffianly followers were ignorant of what happened, and had not dared to return after being driven away.

But I meant to kill Leroux, and still felt for the bolt.

As I fumbled there, the door splintered suddenly, and Jacqueline cried out. Thru the hole I saw the oil-lamp shining in the outer room.

The door splintered again. All at once I realised that Leroux was firing his revolver at the panels. It was fortunate that we both stood at one side, where the latch was.

Then I yielded reluctantly to Jacqueline's soft violence. I followed her thru the dark chamber, under an archway of stone, and thru a winding passage in the rock. Pierre's candle flickered before us, and in another moment we had squeezed thru a narrow opening into a chamber in the cliff.

On the ground were five or six large stones, and Pierre began to fit them into the aperture thru which we had passed. In a minute the place was completely sealed, and we four stood and looked breathlessly at one another within what might have been a tomb. Not the slightest sound came from without.

We were standing in a stone chamber, apparently of natural formation, but finished with rough masonry. It was about the size of a large room, and I could see that it was only a wider part of the tunnel which continued beyond it as a narrow exit at the farther end, opening into the unknown depths of the cliff.

From the freshness of the air I inferred that it connected with the open face at no distant place.

The entrance thru which we had come had been made by blasting at some period, or widened in that way, and then had been cemented, for the stones which Pierre had fitted into it exactly [illegible] so that the aperture was barely distinguishable from where I stood. I am certain that it would have required prolonged scrutiny on the part of searchers

[illegible]

[illegible] name will it [illegible]

[illegible] soon. His diable tell me," answered Pierre [illegible]

[illegible] chamber was [illegible] silent as the grave, except [illegible] gurgling of a spring of water somewhere and the occasional pattering fall of a drop of moisture from the roof. And truly this was to prove our grave, I thought, and none would find our bones in this heart of the cliff thru all the ages that would come.

The flight seemed to have exhausted the last flicker of vitality in the old [illegible] sank down [illegible] the blankets, a somnolent [illegible] I could not understand [illegible] perpetual [illegible] thru many years of solitude [illegible] vision and [illegible] dated his [illegible] knelt by his side. She [illegible] except that [illegible] Pierre brought her some from [illegible] in a tin cup, and [illegible] her head I could [illegible] swollen from the [illegible]

[illegible] were mov[illegible] and whispered [illegible] out petulantly [illegible] which constant [illegible] those [illegible] his coins [illegible]

[illegible] now," Pierre announced. "To[illegible] take all thru [illegible] here [illegible] I come, all [illegible]

"I go with you, Pierre, I said, [illegible] my obsession and his [illegible] upon my arm and [illegible]

"You no kill Simon," he answered. "Why you no kill him when you have sword? Only diable can kill him. When time come diable tell old Caribou. You sleep now. I not work for you now. I go for take my woman and gal safe thru tunnel to place I know. When my woman and gal safe I come back to m'sieur and m'amselle."

[illegible] and simple declara[illegible] loss affecting [illegible] because it [illegible] life of faithful, ignorant old man was just such simple loyalty that [illegible] Leroux's never knew, in [illegible] the most cunning plans based on self-interest.

I realized the strength of Pierre's argument. His duty lay first toward his kin; then he would place his life at his master's service. But he would have to cover many miles before he returned.

He went without a backward glance, but I saw his throat heave, and I knew what the parting meant to him. The [illegible]ty of the past was all his faith.

[illegible] on my blanket, [illegible]ated, and with that [illegible] which precludes sleep. [illegible] was burning low, and was [illegible] one side, so that a pool of hardening [illegible] was spreading on the table-top.

I walked [illegible] table and blew [illegible]

We [illegible] the dark[illegible] the cave [illegible] become unbearable without a candle. [illegible] lay down again. The silence was [illegible] as itself, and not rendered less [illegible] by the occasional plash of the drip, drip of water. I could [illegible] anything, and Jacqueline might [illegible] less a woman of stone, for she [illegible] the least movement.

[illegible]er presence; I seemed to [illegible] [illegible] in her.

[illegible]

I [illegible] and knew that she had raised [illegible] and was looking [illegible] toward her, dragging [illegible] her hair [illegible] face where I knew [illegible], and took it in mine. [illegible] know I did [illegible] your money, don't you?"

[illegible] me, monsieur," I heard her whisper.

"Forgive me, Jacqueline, for I have brought heavy trouble upon you. But I swear to you that in trying to save you [illegible] your father and you—and take you away somewhere where all the past can be forgotten."

She sighed heavily, and I felt a tear drop on my hand.

"Jacqueline!" I cried.

"Oh, M'sieu Hewlett!"—the weariness of her voice went to my heart—"it might have been so different."

"If what, Jacqueline?"

"If there had not been the blood of a dead man between us," she moaned. "If—you—had not—killed him."

Her words were a revelation to me, for I learned that she had mercifully been spared the full remembrance of what had happened in the Tenth street apartment. She thought that it was I who had killed Louis d'Epernay.

And how could I deny this, when to do so would be to bring to her mind the

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knowledge of her own dreadful guilt?

The dotard stirred and muttered, and she whispered to him and soothed him as tho he were a child. Presently he began to breathe heavily, as old men breathe in sleep. But Jacqueline crouched there in the same motionless silence, and I knew that she was awake and suffering.

And then my watch began hammering again, just as the alarm clock had hammered on that awful night in my apartment on Dearborn street, outside the door not daring to go in. My mind was struggling against my will, and picturing a thousand possibilities.

What was Leroux doing? He would act with his usual hammer force. All depended on Pierre.

The hours wore away, and we three lay there, two waiting and one dreaming of the days of old and youth, no doubt. I tried to light the candle to see the time, but my shaking hand sent it flying across the cave, and when I looked for my matches, I found that the box was empty.

It seemed an eternity since we had come there. It is one thing to wait for dawn and quite another thing to wait where dawn will never come.

It must be day. And still Pierre did not come. And as I lay there, listening for his warning footsteps, I heard Jacqueline breathe at last.

She was asleep from weariness after her long night's watch. Somehow the thought that she had passed into the world of dreams comforted me. For a brief time the dreadful accusation of murder had been lifted from my head, and my numbed mind was free to follow my will and dream its mad career of fancy. I could act now.

Why should I not follow where Pierre led? If Leroux had overpowered him within the hut, as seemed only too likely, he would never return, and we should wait in vain. And so with each hour of waiting our chances to escape grew less.

I resolved to follow the exit for a little distance to see if it led to earth, and if I could see the light of day.

So I took my sword and sallied out thru the passage in the cliff.

CHAPTER XX.

AT SWORDS' POINTS.

I ENTERED the tunnel sword in hand, keeping both arms stretched out to feel my way. I resolved that I would

[illegible] and suddenly grew [illegible] the air grew cold and sweet. And before I had traversed the wall and gained it saw a dim light in the distance. This was no candle light, but that of day. So I had entered at both openings of the cave with the open air but a short distance away.

As I advanced I fancied that I heard the soft pattering of feet behind me.

I halted and listened intently. I crouched against the wall and waited. But I heard nothing except the distant roaring of the cataracts. How sweet they sounded!

I listened intently, leaning against the wall and facing backward, holding my sword ready to meet any attack. But there was no sound from within, except the soughing which one hears in a large cavern filled with air. And I had been the victim of an overwrought imagination. I pursued my course.

The light grew stronger. It very slowly until all at once I saw what seemed to be the gleam of an electric light. I [illegible] it dazzled and blinded me.

I started back [illegible] noble morning star [illegible] swinging in the sky like a blazing [illegible] in a transluscent sea.

Before me was [illegible] of rock, [illegible] but for that [illegible] gone to my [illegible] [illegible] Pierre and the Old Angel [illegible] over me.

And instead of noon, as I had thought it to be, it was only dawn and the distance [illegible] was banded with faint bars of [illegible] [illegible] fresh morning air was in my nostrils.

I picked my way back [illegible] by inch, across the ice which coated the rock floor for the distance of [illegible] and until I stood in safety again.

The full purport of this discovery now came to me, and I filled my with frantic joy. For, since the cave connected with that platform beneath [illegible] rock, it was only necessary [illegible] the ledge, a dangerous but not precarious feat, I could enter the main tunnel again and [illegible] the stairway to the hills, even allowing for a preliminary blunder into the wrong tunnel.

The great question [illegible] possibility of Leroux or [illegible] wait for me somewhere [illegible] sel, and I had not much [illegible] for I did not believe they suspected that our cave connected with the main passage. It was more likely that they would wait in Duchaine's room till hunger drove us out.

So I started back to Jacqueline. But I had not gone six paces before I heard a scream that still rings in my ears today, and a shadow sprang out of the darkness and rushed at me. It was old Charles Duchaine. His white hair streamed behind him; his face bore an expression of indelible horror and rage, and in his hand he held the other sword.

With a madman's proverbial cunning he had pretended to be asleep; then he must have followed me stealthily as I made my journey of exploration; and now, doubtless, he ascribed all his wrongs and sufferings to me, and meant to kill me.

His fears had snapped the last frail link that bound him to the world of sense.

He struck at me, a great sweeping blow which would almost have cut me in two. I had just time to parry it, and then he was upon me, raining strokes upon my outstretched sword. He was no swordsman, but slashed and hewed in frenzy, and the steel rang on steel, and the rust from the blades filled my nostrils with sting.

But, tho his attack was wild, the vigor of his blows almost beat down my guard. At last a random blow of mine swept the weapon from his feeble hand and sent it whirling down the cataract into the lake below.

Then he was at my throat, and it was fortunate that there was a firm rock instead of slippery ice beneath us, or we should both have followed the sword.

He linked his arms around me and wrestled furiously, and his weight and height so much surpassed my own, that they compensated for his weakness. We swayed backward and forward, and the star dipped and rose over us, and tho we stood upon the deck of a rolling ship.

"Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake, monsieur!" I cried. I gained a momentary advantage over him. "Don't you know me? I am your friend. I want to save you!"

But he was at me again, trying to lock his hands about my throat; and, finding that I had controlled him and pinned his arms to his sides, he fought like a fiend, and never ceased to yell. Up either end the cave echoed, and gave back his howls with hideous echoes that rolled into the distance, as tho a hundred demons were at strife.

"You shall not take me! I have done nothing! It was years ago! Let me go! Let me go!" he screamed.

I released him for a [illegible], hoping that his disordered brain [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

along the center of the tubular passage.

At length I saw daylight ahead of me—and there was no sound of the torrents.

Fortune had led us where I had wanted her to lead—into the open space where the gold was. From there I knew that I could strike the passage which led into the sleigh road under the hills. Half an hour's travel ought to bring us to the rocking stone at the entrance, and safety.

But I found that I had entered the mine from a third point, and that some forty feet away from the place where I had emerged before. This time we were inside the cave in which Leroux and Lacroix had piled the sacks of earth.

I was looking out beyond them toward the rivulet, and on my right hand and on my left, the tunnel stretched away, leading respectively toward the chateau and to the rocking stone at the entrance.

I left Jacqueline in the cave for a few moments and went into the smaller one near by, where I had seen the provisions on the preceding day. I found a small box of hard biscuit, with which I stuffed the pockets of my coat, and, happier still, a small revolver and some cartridges, to which I helped myself liberally.

Then I went back to Jacqueline.

We must go on. Half an hour more should see us outside the tunnel beyond the mountains. And this was the day on which Pere Antoine would be expecting me. It seemed incredible that so much could have happened in four-and-twenty hours. There was no sign of Charles Duchaine. And I did not intend to jeopardize our future for the sake of the crazed old man.

"Jacqueline," I said, "let us go on. Perhaps your father is on his way outside the tunnel."

She shook her head. "We must find him first," she answered.

"But that is impossible," I protested. "How can we go wandering among these dark passages when we do not know where he has gone? You know he is invaluable to Leroux, and he will come to no harm with him. If we get free, we can return with aid and rescue him."

"We cannot go without my father," [illegible] answered, shaking her head in determination.

"But——"

"Oh, don't you see that we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] monsieur, and save yourself [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible]

"Jacqueline," I said, "if we [illegible] father, will you come with me? Because it has occurred to me," I went on, "that if he had come this way, his footprints would be in the mud beside the stream. It would take an hour or two for them to fill up again. So, perhaps, he did not come this far, but is hiding in some cave in the tunnel thru which we came. Will you wait for me here while I go back and search?"

She nodded, and I went back into that interminable tunnel again.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BAIT THAT LURED

I WENT along the tunnel in the direction of le Vieil Ange. It was broad day now, and the distance between the cataract and the open ground where the gold had been mined was [illegible] short for the whole length of the passage to be faintly visible.

It was a reach of deep [illegible] leading into sunlight at [illegible]

I picked my way carefully [illegible] into the numerous small caves [illegible] sures in the wall on [illegible] I was about half-way [illegible] I saw a shadow running [illegible] making no sound.

It was Duchaine. There could [illegible] mistaking that tall, gaunt figure, just visible against the distant da[illegible]

He was running in comp[illegible] and he leaped across the rocky floor as tho he wore moccasins.

I raced along the tunnel after him. But he seemed to be endowed with the speed of a deer, for he kept his distance easily, and I would never have caught him, had he not stopped for an instant at the approach of the ledge.

There, just as he was poising himself to leap, I seized him by the arm.

"M. Duchaine! M. Duchaine! Stop!" I implored him. "Don't you know that I am your friend and only wish you well? I am your friend—your daughter Jacqueline's friend. I want to save you."

He did not attempt violence [illegible] at me with hesitation and [illegible] doubt.

"They want to catch me," he muttered. "They want to hang me. He has got a gallows ready for me to swing on, because I killed a soldier in the Fenian [illegible] But it wasn't I," he added with [illegible] cunning. "It was my brother, who looks like me. He died long ago. Let [illegible] go, monsieur. I am a poor, harmless old man. I shall not hurt anybody."

I took his hand in [illegible]

"M. Duchaine," I answered, "I wish you everything that is best in the world. I am your friend; I want to save you, not to capture you. Come back with [illegible] monsieur, and I will take you away—"

The wild look came into his eyes again.

"No, no!" he screamed, trying to wrest himself from my grasp and measuring the distance across the ledge with his eye. "I will not go away. This is my home. I want to live here in peace. I want my wheel! Monsieur, give me my wheel! I have perfected a system. Listen!" He took me by the arm, and spoke in that cunning madman's way: "I will make your fortune if you will let me go free. You shall have millions. We will go to Quebec together and play at the tables, as I did when I was a young man. My system cannot fail!"

"M. Duchaine," I pleaded, "won't you come back with me and talk it over? Jacqueline is with me——"

"No, no," he cried, laughing. "You can't catch me with such a trick as that. My little daughter has gone to New York to make our fortunes at M. Daly's gaming-house. She will be back soon, loaded down with gold."

I saw an opening here.

"She has come back," I answered. "She is not fifty yards away."

"With gold?" he inquired, looking at me doubtfully.

"With gold," I answered, trying to allure his imagination as Leroux had done. "She has rich gold, red gold, such as you will love. You can take up the coins in your fingers and let the gold stream thru them. Come with me, monsieur."

He hesitated and looked back into the darkness.

"I am afraid," he exclaimed. "Listen, monsieur! There is a man hiding there—a man with a sword. He tried to capture me today. But I was too clever for him." He laughed with senile glee and rubbed his hands together. "I was too clever for him," he chuckled. "No, no, monsieur, I do not know who you are, but I am not going into that tunnel alone with you. Perhaps you have a gallows there."

"Do you not want the gold, monsieur?" I cried in exasperation. "Do you not want to see the gold that your daughter Jacqueline has brought back from New York for you?"

I grasped him by the arm and tried to lead him with me. My argument had moved him; cupidity had banished for the moment the dreadful picture of the gallows that he had conjured up. I thought I had won him.

But just as I started back into the tunnel, holding the arm of the old man, who lingered reluctantly and yet began to yield, a pebble leaped from the rocky platform and rebounded from the cliff. [illegible] silence, and there upon the opposite side [illegible] standing.

There was something appalling in the man's presence there. I think it was his unchanging and implacable pursuit that for the moment daunted me. And this was symbolized in his fur coat, which he wore open in the front exactly as he had worn it that day when we met in the New York store, and as I had always seen him wear it.

He stood bareheaded, and his massive, [illegible] weather-beaten face might have been [illegible] carved out of granite [illegible] wall.

He stood h[illegible] the projecting ledge [illegible] aspect so fascinated me that [illegible] forget my resolution to shoot to kill.

"Bonjour, M. Hewlett!" he called across the chasm. "Don't be afraid of me any more than I am afraid of you. Just wait a [illegible] I want to talk business."

"I have no business to talk with you," I answered.

"But I did not say it was with you [illegible] Duchaine. Hola, Duch[illegible]

At th[illegible] the old man st[illegible] muttering [illegible] the one to the other of us undecidedly.

In vain I tried to drag him within the tunnel. He shook himself [illegible] and sprang out [illegible] and poised himself [illegible] his [illegible] from side to side [illegible] ther of us spoke. And he effectively prevented me from shooting Leroux.

"Don't you know [illegible] friends, Duchaine? [illegible] and the white [illegible] toward the other side of the [illegible]

"I don't know [illegible] friends are, Simon," answered Duchaine in his mild, melancholy voice. "What do you want?"

"Why, I want you, Charles, my old friend," replied Leroux, in a voice expressive of surprise. "You old fool, do you want to die? If you do, go with that gentleman. He comes from Quebec on government business."

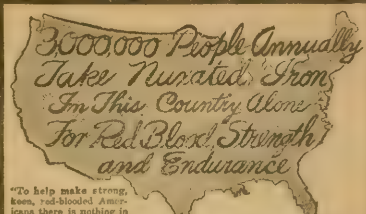
But I could plead better than that. I knew the symbol in his imagination.

"M. Duchaine! Come with me!" I cried. "He has a gallows ready for you back in that tunnel!"

It was a pitiful scheme, and yet for the life of me, I could think of no other way to win him. And, as it happened, the word associated itself in the [illegible] er's mind as much with the [illegible] as with the man spoken of for I [illegible] Duchaine start violently and cling to the icy wall.

"No, no," he cried. "I won't go with either of you. I am a poor old man. It was my brother who shot the soldier, and he is dead. Go away!"

He burst into senile tears and cowered there, surely the most pitiful spectacle



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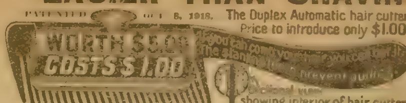

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that fate ever made of a man. The memories of the past thronged around him like avenging demons.

Suddenly I saw him turn his head, and fix his eyes upon Leroux. He craned his neck forward, and then, very slowly, he began to walk toward his persecutor. [illegible] and my neck [illegible] It was bobbing out the complete wheel!

"Come along, Charles, my friend," he cried. "Come, let us try our fortunes! Don't you want to stake some money upon your system against me?"

The old figure stepped down over the [illegible] and pulled him into the [illegible]

I whipped my revolver out and sent shot after shot across the chasm. The sound of the discharges echoed and reechoed along the tunnel wall.

But the projecting ledge of rock effectively screened Leroux—and Duchaine as well, for in my passion I had been firing blindly, and but for that, I should undoubtedly have killed Jacqueline's father.

The mocking laughter of Leroux came back to me in faint and faraway reply.

[illegible] the explanation of the man's [illegible] now. He must have met Duchaine that morning as the old man was passing or wandering aimlessly along the tunnel. They had reached le Vieil Ange together, and Leroux had probably had little difficulty in inducing the witless old man to take him back into the secret hiding-place.

It was lucky that we had not been there when Leroux discovered it. We must have crossed the ledge only a moment or two before him.

I hastened back to Jacqueline, and en-

[illegible] it and darkness blended, standing with arms stretched out against the wall to steady herself; and in her eyes was

[illegible]

"Oh, I thought you were dead!" she

[illegible]

[illegible] fathers share of the beginning. Just as he wanted you, Jacqueline, and he shall never have you, dear. So I shall not let you go back, or he would get you in the end. Unless——"

I stopped. But she knew what I had thought.

"Unless I kill myself," she answered wildly. "That is the best way out, Paul! I am fated to bring nothing but evil upon every one with whom I come in contact. Ah, leave me, Paul, and let me meet my fate. Save yourself!"

Again I pleaded, and she did not respond. It was the safety of us two, and her father's life assured, against a miserable fate for her, and I knew not what [illegible]

again.

She was so silent that I thought I had convinced her. I urged her to her feet. But suddenly I heard a stealthy footfall close at hand, between the cave and the cataract.

I thought it was Charles Duchaine. I hoped it was Leroux. I placed my finger on Jacqueline's lips to keep stealthily to the passage, revolver in hand.

Then, in the gloom, I saw the villainous face of Jean Petitjean looking into mine, twelve paces away, and in his hand was a revolver, too.

We fired together, but the surprise spoiled his aim, for his bullet whistled past me. I think my shot struck him somewhere, for he uttered a yell and began running back along the tunnel as hard as he could.

I followed him, firing as fast as I could load. But there was a slight bend in the passage here, and my bullets only struck the walls. So fortune helped the ruffian, for when I reached the light, he was scrambling across the ledge, and before I could cover him he had succeeded in disappearing behind the projecting rock on the other side.

So Leroux had already sealed one exit [illegible] that he did [illegible] that he had not time to reach the exit by the mine!

If I made haste! If I made haste! But I would not argue the matter any [illegible] at full speed. I [illegible]

"Jacqueline! Come, come!" I called. She did not answer.

I ran forward, peering round me in the obscurity. I saw her near the earth-sacks, lying upon her side. Her eyes were closed, her face as white as a dead woman's.

White—but her dress was blood-soaked, and there was blood on the sacks and on the stony floor. It oozed from her side, and her hand was cold as the rocks, and there was no flutter at her wrist.

The bullet from Jean Petitjean's revolver that missed me, must have penetrated her body.

She lived, for her breast stirred, tho so faintly that it seemed as tho all that remained of life were concentrated in the faint-throbbing heart-beats.

I raised her in my arms and placed a sack beneath her head, making a resting-place for her with my fur coat. Then with my knife I cut away her dress over the wound.

There was a bullet-hole beneath her breast, stained with dark blood. I ran down to the rivulet, risking an ambuscade, brought back cold water, and washed it, and stanched the flow as best I could, making a bandage and placing it above the wound.

It was a poor effort at first aid, by one who had never seen a bullet-wound before. But I was distracted with misery and grief; and yet I remember how

steady my hands were, and with what precision and care I performed my task.

I have a dim remembrance of losing my self-control when this was done, and clasping her in my arms, and pressing my lips to her cold cheek, and begging her to live, and praying wildly that she should not die. Then I raised her in my arms and went staggering across the cave toward the tunnel which led to the rocking stone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SURRENDER.

I SAW the light, the sun's rays bright on the cliff tops. Once in the tunnel beyond, I could keep my pursuers at bay with my revolver, even if I had to fight every inch of my way to freedom.

And then, just as I approached the barricade of earth-filled bags, Leroux and the man Raoul emerged from the tunnel's mouth and ran toward me.

If I had been alone and unencumbered I believe I could have spurred across

[illegible] queline in my arms, it was impossible.

I stopped behind the barricade.

Even so, I was fortunate, for had they gained the cave before I did they would have had me at their mercy, like a rat [illegible] stopped in a hole.

They saw me, and drew back hastily within the tunnel's mouth. I was panting with the weight of my unconscious burden, and I did not know what to do. My mind was filled with rage against my fate, and I shouted curses at them and strode up and down behind the bags.

Presently I saw something white fluttering from the tunnel. It was a white handkerchief upon a stick of wood, and slowly and gingerly Raoul emerged into the open.

At that instant, I fired. The bullet "zipped" [illegible] and with an oath he dropped the stick and handkerchief, too, and scuttled back to shelter.

Then Leroux's voice hailed me from the tunnel.

"Hewlett!" he called, and there was no trace of mockery in his tones now, "will you come out and talk with me? Will you meet me in the open, if you prefer?"

I fired another shot in futile rage. It struck the cliff and sent a stone flying into the stream.

Then silence followed. And I took

The Bullet From Jean Petitjean's Revolver That Missed Me, Must Have Entered Her Body.

Jacqueline and carried her back into the little hollow place. I put my hand upon her breast.

It stirred. She breathed faintly, tho she showed no sign of consciousness.

And then I acted as a trapped animal would act. I raged up and down the tunnel from cataract to cave, and at each end I fired wildly, tho there was no sign of any guard. Why should their guards expose themselves to fire at me, when they had me at their mercy?

They could surprise me from either end, and I suppose I thought by this trick to maintain the illusion of having some companion. Heaven knows what was in my mind. But now I stood beneath that awful cataract, firing at the blind rock, and now I was back behind the earth-bags shooting into the tunnel.

And again I was at Jacqueline's side, crouching over her, holding her hand in mine, pressing my lips to hers, imploring her to live for my sake, or, if she could not live, to open her eyes once more and speak to me.

[illegible] cartridges. Then the memory of my similar act of folly before came home to me. I grew more calm.

I understood Leroux's intentions—he meant to surprise me in the night when I was worn out, or when I made a blind dash in the dark for the tunnel.

I felt my way around the cave with the faint hope that there might be some other egress there.

There was none, but I made out a recess which I had not perceived, about one-half as large as the cave itself, and opening into it by a small passage just large enough to give admittance to a single person. Here I should have only one front to defend.

So I carried Jacqueline inside and began laboriously to drag the bags of earth into this last refuge. Before I had grown quite dark, I had barricaded Jacqueline and myself within a place the size of a ball bedroom enclosed upon three sides with rock.

And there I waited for the end.

What an eternity that was!

I strained my ears to hear approaching steps, yet I heard only the gurgle of the stream and the slow drip of water from the roof with a tinkling note. The starlight was just bright enough to prevent an absolute surprise.

But I was utterly fatigued. My eyes alone, which bore the burden of the defense, remained awake; the rest of me was dead from head to hands to feet, and the body which I could hardly have dragged down to the stream again.

I waited for the end. I sat beside Jacqueline, holding her hand when I was not of mine, and my revolver in the other. There was a faint flutter at her wrist. I fancied that it had grown stronger during the past half-hour.

But I was unprepared to hear her whisper to me, and when she spoke I was alert in a moment.

"Paul!" she said faintly.

"Jacqueline!"

"Paul! Bend down, I want to speak to you. Do you know I have been conscious for a long time, my dear? I have been thinking. Are you distressed because of [illegible]

"My dear!" I said; and that was all that I could say. I clasped her cold little hand tightly in mine.

[illegible]

[illegible] were When you wanted to take me [illegible]

Yes, I knew that last night when I [illegible] by you, and I was thinking of it a [illegible] praying hard that I might see clearly [illegible]

she said. "I think that I could bear a great deal if he would once have thought impossible. I think that I could yield to Leroux, and be his wife to save your life, Paul."

"No, Jacqueline."

"Yes, Paul. If I live, my duty is with my father. He needs me, and he would never leave the chateau now that his fears have grown so strong. And, tho you might come to no harm, I cannot leave him. And you must leave me, Paul, because—because of what is between us. You must go to Leroux, and tell him so. You love me, Paul?"

"Always, Jacqueline," I whispered.

She put her arms about my neck.

[illegible] It was so easy to say it in the dark, and it used to be so hard. And I want to tell you something. I have always remembered a good deal more than you believed. Only it was so dear, that comradeship of ours, that I would not let myself remember anything except that I had you.

"And do you know what I admired and loved you for, even when you thought my mind unstable and empty? How brave you were, how that, dear. It was your honor, Paul.

"That was why, when I remembered everything after a dreadful night in the snow, the revulsion was so terrible. I ran away in horror. I could not believe that is was true—and yet I knew it was true.

"And Leroux was waiting there, and found me. I did not want to leave you, but I was afraid to stay. Then Antoine's cabin close by, and that you would come to no harm. And he made me believe—you stole the money as well. But I never believed that, and I only taunted you with it to drive you away for your own sake.

She drew me weakly toward her and went on.

"Bend lower. Bend very near. Do you remember, Paul—in the train going to Lyons [illegible] and cried, at first for happiness, to think that you loved me, and, then, for shame, because I had no right—tho I did not remember who he was at the time, the shock had been so great. That night—lying in my berth—I was shameless. I slipped the wedding ring from my finger and hid it away so that you should not know—because I loved you, Paul. And now that we are to part forever, and perhaps I am to die, I can speak to you from my heart and tell

[illegible] Kiss me—as tho I were [illegible]

"[illegible] will go to Leroux," she added [illegible]

"[illegible] that will, Jacqueline [illegible]

"Yes, dear," she said. "Because we have fought, and now we are beaten, Paul."

I bowed my head. I knew that she spoke the truth. Slowly the passions cleared from my own heart—passion of hate, passion of love. I knew at last, that I was vanquished. For, now that Jacqueline lay there so weak, so helpless, and thinking all our past was but a dream, there was nothing but to yield. I could not fight any more.

Even tho by some miracle the tunnel lay clear before us, to move her meant her death. So I would yield, to save her life, and with me, Leroux might deal as he chose.

So I left her, and climbed across the bags and went down toward the stream. But before I had reached it a dark figure slipped from among the shadows of the rocks and came toward me; and by the faint starlight I saw the face of Pierre Caribou.

I was bewildered, for Pierre seemed like one of those dream figures of the past; he might have come into my life long ago, but not today, or yesterday.

He stopped me, and held me by both shoulders, and he drew me into the recesses of the rocks, and bent his [illegible] toward mine.

"Ah, monsieur, so you did not obey old Pierre Caribou and stay in the cave," he said.

"Pierre, I did not know that you would return," I answered. "I thought that we could find the [illegible] road that you had taken."

"Never mind," the Indian answered, looking at me strangely. "All finish [illegible] Diable take Leroux. His [illegible] Diable show me!"

"How?" I answered, startled.

"All finish," said Pierre inexorably, and, as I watched him, a superstitious fear crept over me. He [illegible] cringed, even when he gave the command, now cringed no longer, and there was a look on his old face that I had only seen on one man's [illegible]—my father's, the night he [illegible].

"Pierre, where is Leroux?" I whispered.

"[illegible]" he answered. "All finish [illegible]

[illegible] surrender to him [illegible] shall I [illegible]

"[illegible]" he said once again. "[illegible] you go back to [illegible] come [illegible]

[illegible] passed me noiselessly, a [illegible] shadow, and his bearing was [illegible] as that of his race had been long ago, when they were lords, [illegible] white masters now ruled. [illegible] the passage at the back of [illegible] where I had come when I [illegible] Lacroix the first time, with [illegible]

And, as he passed, I thought I saw Lacroix's face peering out at me thru the shadows of the caves. I started [illegible] Then I saw only the face [illegible] My mind was playing me [illegible] I thought it had created that apparition out of my thoughts.

I went back to Jacqueline and took my seat upon the earth-bag barricade. I had my revolver in my hand, but it was not loaded. I threw the cartridges upon the floor.

It seemed only a few minutes, before a voice hailed me from the tunnel.

"M. Hewlett! Are you prepared to speak with Mr. Leroux?"

It was Raoul's voice, and I answered yes.

A moment later Leroux came from the tunnel toward me. I got down from the barricade and met him at the stream. He stood upon one side and I at the other, and the stream gurgled and played between.

"Paul Hewlett," said Leroux, "you have made a good fight. [illegible] you have fought well! [illegible] for. I offer you terms."

"What terms?" I asked.

"The same [illegible]

"You planned to murder [illegible]" I answered, but with no bitterness.

"Yes, that is true," answered Leroux. "But circumstances were different then from what they [illegible] I am no murderer. I am [illegible] business. And, within [illegible] I keep my word. If I [illegible] it, it was because I had no other way. Besides, you had me [illegible] power. Now you are in mine.

"I thought then that you [illegible] That if I let you go [illegible]—certain things [illegible] be discovered. But [illegible] because you were [illegible] d'Epernay. Well, I can [illegible] you go; for, tho my [illegible] loudly for your death, I [illegible] man, and I can suppress [illegible] has to be done. In [illegible] Hewlett, you can go when you choose."

"M. Leroux," I answered, [illegible] something to you for your own sake and Mme. d'Epernay's, that I would not deign to say to any other man. She is as pure as the best woman in the land. I found her wandering in the street. I saved her from the assault of your hired ruffians. I tried to procure a room for her at the Merrimac, and when they refused her I gave up my own apartment to her and went away."

"But you went [illegible]" "[illegible]" went [illegible]

"I can [illegible]" I answered. "Do you [illegible] you?"

He looked hard into my face.

"Yes," he said simply. "[illegible] all the difference in the world to me."

And at that moment, in spite of all, I felt something that was not far from affection toward the man.

"Pere [illegible]" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And her father?"

"Is safe in the chateau [illegible] his wheel, and amassing a fortune in his dreams."

"One word more," I continued. "Mme. [illegible] very [illegible] She [illegible] struck [illegible] of [illegible] you fired [illegible] the door. Wait!" for he started. [illegible]

There, in the bowels of the mountain, Paul and Leroux play their deadly game. At last Leroux's devil meets him, and the mystery of the [illegible] is cleared in the final installment of the story, which appears in next week's Ledger.

For the Needleworker

An Attractive Vanity Bag

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

FOR this vanity bag 1½ yards of [illegible] ribbon, 1 yard of No. 1½ satin ribbon to match, 1 powder puff, the berries and leaves complete the materials. Cut the wide ribbon into 4 pieces [illegible] inches long, 4 pieces each 7 inches long. Sew the selvedges of 2 of the 7 inch [illegible] together so that 1 piece [illegible] [illegible]

Any shade of [illegible] light shades are more dainty but the medium or darker [illegible] keep clean and look well the longest. If one [illegible] 1 inch wide fancy [illegible] can take the place of the [illegible] the [illegible] finish the sides [illegible] of harmonious [illegible] Plain or [illegible] also make [illegible] vanities. If [illegible] piece only [illegible] used cut the base pointed and scallop [illegible] top using [illegible] spool and pencil to stamp the [illegible] buttonhole with embroidery [illegible] to match. Large-sized beads or chiffon rosebuds can be substituted for the berries if one has these handy.

The Silk Gingham Dress.

THE cotton gingham frocks were so well liked last summer that designers decided to continue the patterns in [illegible] little frocks are being fashioned from the tiny-checked silk. The little silk gingham frock can be worn during the cold months and can be used in summer. It is more easily laundered than cotton and is far cooler.

A model that is very successful, made of the silk gingham, was recently seen in a Chicago specialty shop. It was made of pale green and white-checked gingham and trimmed with narrow [illegible] crochet lace. The surplice style [illegible] for the bodice, for it crossed in front and was tied into a [illegible] bow [illegible] back. The sash was [illegible] crochet edge [illegible] collar of white organdie [illegible] trimmed.

Instead of the [illegible] tucks on the skirt there [illegible] materials set [illegible] [illegible]

To Draw Threads.

WHEN [illegible] the threads [illegible]

Chic Turban.

A CHIC turban could easily be made at home if one had velvet, satin and gayly colored wooden beads.

Pretty Silk Petticoats.

THE lovely new petticoats [illegible] beyond the average wartime pocketbook, but if you fall in line with the [illegible] army [illegible] can make a smart petticoat [illegible] for yourself.

Carefully look over your wardrobe and select any taffeta or satin frock that is apparently too old to wear. Very often the blouse of a silk dress is [illegible] and torn from perspiration [illegible] is in a fairly good condition [illegible] of this kind is ideal to [illegible] over into a good, serviceable un[illegible]

[illegible] and strip from the worn blouse and remove [illegible] drapery [illegible] plain four [illegible]

[illegible] run the [illegible] you [illegible]

Fads and Fancies.

THE [illegible] autumn hats will have [illegible] of felt [illegible]

Cutting Down Garments.

WHEN [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] embroid[illegible] or a [illegible] skirt worn out at the top, will [illegible] to give more body.

Tobacco Craving Killed in a Few Hours

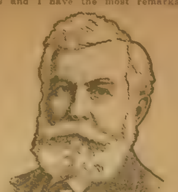
Most men who use tobacco, in time become habitual users of it; they come to [illegible]

[illegible] Redeemer [illegible] booklet by [illegible] the Newell [illegible] Louis, Mo.

Free to Every Rheumatic Sufferer

Try My Free Treatment for the Relief of Those Terrible External Rheumatic Pains, Soreness and Lameness.

[illegible] will mail to you at once a $1.00 pair of my Foot Drafts. I want you to know what they will do for you. Thousands have already tested these modern wonders and I have the most remarkable [illegible]



FREDERICK DYER

[illegible] pair of Foot Drafts absolutely free, no money for [illegible] If [illegible] simply thank [illegible] If you wish to get more of them, [illegible] but the first pair is positively free to you and all you need do is fill out and mail coupon below. This one [illegible] all the [illegible]

Free Foot Draft Coupon

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895 Dyer Building, Jackson, Mich.
[illegible] of Dyer's Foot Drafts. I will use them to learn if they will do as much for me as you say [illegible] others [illegible] obligation.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

SELL 24 AM. FLAG PINS AT 10c
Send no money. When sold send [illegible]
CLARK WATCH CO., [illegible] CHICAGO, ILL.

New Feather Beds only $11.25
New Feather Pillows $2.15 per pair. New Feathers best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for new Catalog.
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Desk J, Greensboro, N.C.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the [illegible] run-down condition. The [illegible] to suffer most as almost [illegible] complaints of [illegible] backache and urinary troubles which should [illegible] neglected, as these danger signals [illegible] more dangerous kidney [illegible].

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which, so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a physician's kidney, liver and bladder medicine and being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better send a home address your nearest drug store and start treatment at once.

However, if you first to test this great preparation [illegible] ten cents to Dr Kilmer & Co Binghamton, N. Y. for a sample bottle. Always be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.

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ALL GOOD TITLES
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HUGE PROFITS [illegible] made. We will start you [illegible]
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FREE TRIAL
Send this ad, [illegible] MONEY, and get FAMOUS KARMAN RAZOR on 30 days FREE trial. If you like it, send $1.00, or return razor. MORS COMPANY, 404 Mors Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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RAISE BELGIAN HARES FOR ME I supply you $3 per pair and [illegible]
Send stamp for [illegible]
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Goitre Cured at home; worst cases. [illegible] Treatment Company, 377 West 36th Street, Chicago.

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State .....

Your Problems of the Heart Solved Here

Conducted by Winifred Grey

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS:

So many letters come to this department that it is impossible to answer each and every one of them. However, many of them are similar, and it is hoped that you may find the answer to your particular problem in the reply to one who has written as you have.

Pet Names.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of [illegible] A young man [illegible] and I have been keeping company for [illegible] He has given me a ring and [illegible] He calls me by pet names. [illegible] Is it proper for him to call me by pet names?

BLUE EYES.

You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified. [illegible]

Two Beaux.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 22. [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] I have another young man who comes to see me. He is very nice also. [illegible] I like him very much. [illegible] Which one do you think I should marry?

PERPLEXED.

[illegible] Be true to the one you have promised to marry. [illegible] Don't be a flirt.

A Sailor.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] years. He is a sailor and is away from home most of the time. [illegible] He is very fond of me and I like him very much. [illegible] He has asked me to marry him, but I have refused him. [illegible] Do you think I did right?

H. F.

[illegible] You did right. Because a man acts affectionately toward you is no sign that he loves you. Wait for a declaration.

Then you can question his [illegible]

After the War.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am employed on a farm and am keeping company with a young man who seems to love me very much, as he wants me to marry him at once. [illegible] I like him very much, but I declared because I would not want to marry and have him called to the colors. Am I right?

ANXIOUS.

You are right in wanting to wait until peace is declared. However, before you marry the man, find out something about his family and his home surroundings. Better take your time before than be sorry afterward.

A Sailor Lover.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been corresponding with a young man [illegible] than a year. [illegible] We have never met. He [illegible] I am a girl of 16 and have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] years. He is 21 years old. [illegible] He is a sailor. I like him very much. [illegible] He wants to marry me. [illegible] I have thought about it. Would it be right?

RECKLESS.

Your father thinks you are still a child. [illegible] As for your girl friends, he looks upon them as children. [illegible] Perhaps his taste in clothes runs to young ladies' dresses, and he wants you to be his little girl for some time yet. Be patient, when you are older, rest assured that he will treat you differently.

Drop Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BROWN EYES.

[illegible] if the man is more than [illegible] years older than yourself, [illegible] is not what you expected to [illegible] be happy with him?

Just a Friend.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified.

Be Thankful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified.

Another Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified.

Father Is Right.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified.

Brothers Object.

DEAR MISS [illegible]

I am a boy of 17 and like to dance and have a good time. I have two brothers who also go to dances, but they do not want me to go out of the house at all. When I leave without them, knowing about it and they [illegible] camp. Also, is it proper for a girl to ride a bicycle?

A READER.

Your father is right. Don't correspond with the boy against his wishes. When you see the boy again, explain the circumstances to [illegible] if you choose with [illegible] your sister [illegible] of goodies, [illegible] magazine, or anything [illegible] You should not [illegible] The [illegible] It is proper for a girl to ride a bicycle.

Bear It Patiently.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I am a girl of 16 and have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] He is very nice and I like him very much. [illegible] He has been married before and is divorced. Would it be all right for me to go with him? Several people have told me he would like to go with me.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] You should not [illegible] You should not [illegible] with dolls. Don't [illegible] Be a little more dignified.

Change of Heart.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a [illegible] I have been keeping company with a young man for [illegible] We were [illegible] We were married [illegible] I have a friend who [illegible] I [illegible] I do.

BLUE EYES.

[illegible] It is not [illegible] a girl to run after [illegible] of others.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a [illegible] I [illegible] for a girl who [illegible] She works in a store near our home, and I know she is not very old, but never have a chance to take her out. I am much in love with her and don't know how to get about it. How can I find out if she [illegible] for me.

A LOVER IN DOUBT.

You're too young to think about love. Act friendly toward the girl, but no more.

No.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a [illegible] 21 deeply in love with [illegible] 21. Do you think the [illegible] and I are suited for a happy marriage?

BROWN EYES.

If your tastes and ideas are alike the difference is not too great.

No Others.

DEAR MISS GREY:

We are the wives of two soldiers who have gone to France. They have been gone a year, and we are lonesome. Would it be all [illegible]

[illegible] Still true to our husbands? We [illegible] very lonesome, but don't want to do anything wrong.

TWO WAR BRIDES.

Don't go out with those men. Your husbands would not like it. Besides, people would gossip unpleasantly about you.

Coming of Age.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Would you please tell me when a girl [illegible] in Alabama, when a girl [illegible] parents? Also [illegible] reporter for the [illegible] N. Y. Z.

[illegible] in most States a girl [illegible] makes a contract [illegible] not you are [illegible]

Grocer Up Against It

[illegible] It for past [illegible] in my [illegible] considers [illegible] business. [illegible] lp me. I [illegible] kindly, [illegible] Chicago [illegible] Buffalo. [illegible] more benefit [illegible] I took [illegible] as well as [illegible] simple, harmless [illegible] to cleanse [illegible] inal tract [illegible] in which [illegible] stomach, liver [illegible] including appendicitis. [illegible] does will convince or [illegible] paid. For sale by druggists [illegible]

CURED HIS RUPTURE

[illegible] cured while lifting a trunk [illegible] and my only hope [illegible] did me no [illegible] something that [illegible] Yeve [illegible] ware returned. [illegible] ork as a carpenter [illegible] no lost time, [illegible] but will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Economy in Your Kitchen

Food Conservation Must Continue

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

THO the war is over, there will still be need for food conservation. Our armies are still in Europe—in fact on the battlefields themselves, and our Allies need as much food now as they did before the war ended. In addition, President Wilson has pledged the Allied and this country to feed the starving peoples of the Central Empires, in order to insure a speedy settlement of the war, and to prevent disorders in these countries which will tend to keep our men in Europe for a longer time.

There will be no new crops planted this year, and so all the additional food which must go to Europe, will come from the supply now at hand. Prices will not come down, and the housewife will have to exercise as much, if not more care in buying the foodstuffs for her family as she did before peace came [illegible].

If the housekeeper will take the time to learn what foods are healthful and attractive for an economical diet, her task will be such a hard one. How can the housekeeper tell whether or not she is providing her family with all that it needs and at the same time is getting [illegible] out of the money she spends? [illegible] paid for food is no test of [illegible]. For instance, fancy chickens at 40 cents a pound furnish no more nourishment to the body than beef at three-fourths of that price. Nor is appetite always a safe guide. A child may be satisfied with a dish of sugar only, but such a diet would be anything but healthful. Neither can hunger be relied upon exclusively. A [illegible] becomes only [illegible] by one's hunger, and still not give the body all the elements that it needs. Those who plans meals should know what things the body needs, and how these needs can be met with the ordinary food materials which we all know.

Now, a man who does fairly hard muscular work would be likely to get food required if supplied [illegible] with a combination of foods [illegible]. One and one-quarter pounds of lean, having about the same food value as one pound of such cereal preparations as wheat or rye flour, oatmeal, cornmeal, rice, etc.

Two ounces, or one-quarter cup of butter, oil, meat drippings, or other fat; two ounces, or one-quarter cup of sugar; or one-third cup of honey or sirup, or an equivalent amount of other sweet.

One and one-quarter pounds of [illegible] from the following: [illegible] fruit, green and root vegetables.

Twelve ounces of food from [illegible] which may be either [illegible] substitutes; that is, meats [illegible] meats, poultry, fish, eggs, [illegible] legumes (beans, peas, lentils, [illegible] and peanuts). Milk [illegible] among these foods, but because [illegible] amount of water it contains, half a [illegible] or four ounces of it would be required to equal an ounce of any one of the others.

A man who works hard out-of-[illegible] all day probably would need more food than this, while one who sits [illegible] desk all day would need less. The amounts given above are suitable for a man who, like a salesman in a store, walks about more or less [illegible] more or less work as fitting. However every one would be healthier and need less food than the three-fourths of [illegible] all the food were thoroly chewed and ground into a pulp in the mouth before being swallowed. By this means the appetite is appeased on less, although it is not out of the food [illegible] up to the [illegible] because digestion is more complete; there is, therefore, less indigestible matter in the [illegible] the organs of digestion to handle, consequently so much less waste. The habit of chewing all food in this manner should be taught to children, not only as a means of lessening waste, but as a matter of health.

The Housewife's Scrapbook.

RICE can safely be included [illegible] a day without feeling a distaste for it. To save fuel, a large quantity can be cooked at one time. At first serve [illegible] then [illegible] cheese, minced meat or fish, [illegible] sweet as a dessert in puddings and cakes, and as muffins it makes a delicious breakfast.

With roast pork [illegible] white or sweet potatoes and apple [illegible] sauce. Creamed [illegible] and cabbage or a [illegible] Sauted bananas [illegible] are delicious for luncheon [illegible] take off the [illegible] Do not [illegible]

Two cups, put meat [illegible] water and let it slowly [illegible] point. This extract [illegible] heat sears the [illegible] juice [illegible] covered with boiling water.

When buying corned beef select a navel cut, a flank or plate piece, or the brisket. These cuts cost less than the rump and are more juicy. Leftover pork make excellent hash and combine well with rice, macaroni, eggs, etc.

If you like the baked beans hot caramelize a little sugar and add to the beans before putting into oven. [illegible] your beans [illegible]

Sugarless Gingerbread.

[illegible]

Boiled Honey Custard.

[illegible]

Bread Pudding With Sauce

SAVE all ends and small pieces of bread, put into dish exposed to air and let dry. When ready to make pudding take in value two or three slices, break up in baking dish and soak an hour or two in a little cold wat[illegible] Two eggs, tablespoonfuls sugar, a [illegible] generous pinch of salt. Stir all together and add about 1 pint of milk. Pour over bread, stir thoroly and bake about one and one-half hours in a slow oven. Raisins, cocoa or cocoanut may be added. Add it dry to the sugar and egg and [illegible] with vanilla [illegible] unpeeled [illegible]

Put [illegible] Sauce [illegible] boiling water. Cook until it thickens; remove from fire and add small piece of butter and flavoring.

Honey Drop Cakes.

THESE cakes are delicious. Try them instead of cakes made with sugar.

Three-fourths cup honey, ½ cup butter, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, ¼ teaspoonful cloves, 1 egg, 1½ to 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoonful soda, 2 tablespoonfuls water, 1 cup raisins, cut in small pieces.

Heat the honey and butter until the latter melts. While the mixture is warm add the spices. When it is cold add part of the flour, the egg well beaten, the soda dissolved in the water and the raisins. Add enough more flour to make a dough [illegible] to roll [illegible] the oven.

Sweet Potato Trifles.

TAKE 4 boiled sweet potatoes, 1 cup of [illegible] 1 teaspoonful sugar, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, juice of one lemon, boil the potatoes and press thru a ricer or colander. Mix thoroly with other ingredients. Form the mixture in dainty [illegible] on a baking sheet and [illegible] the blazer or in a hot oven [illegible] with chicken or turkey.

Soft Honey Cakes.

ONE-half cup butter or butter substitute, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, ½ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful ginger, 4 cups [illegible]

Bake in a shallow pan

Cottage Pudding.

RUB to a cream 1 tablespoonful of butter and ½ cup sugar, add [illegible] spoonfuls of baking powder and ½ saltspoonful of salt. Beat thoroly, turn into a tube pan and bake in a moderate oven [illegible] an hour. Serve with a [illegible]

Cole Slaw

[illegible]

Tomato Catsup

[illegible]

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Pain in Chest, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hunger or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensations in throat, Pain in left or left arm, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Hickman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret nostrum. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Prompt, three-fourths of them do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Hickman's Heart Tablets are this easy to get. More than 100 testimonials are furnished.

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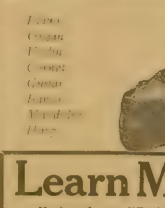

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The Mystery of No. 1313

(Continued From Page 11)

in something of a hurry, and it didn't take us long to strike a bargain."

This explanation was illuminating. It required but a second's reflection to array the whole thing clear in Tom's mind and at the same time definitely fix the man's status.

Flint at last had struck Willard's trail; the latter's urgent need to find a man to [illegible] come to the detective's ears, and he had been quick to take advantage of it. Flint knew in a general way what Willard wanted, and had hastily picked a central office man that would fill the requirements. Manifestly there had been no time to post him; he was expected to communicate with Flint as soon as the quarry was located—hence the letter.

Furthermore Tom could now understand why the fellow had kept him under such a shrewd surveillance; he had been trying to gauge the degree of confidence existing between the Kohinur's charterer and skipper, and had reached the conclusion that the latter offered the best medium thru which to get his letter to its destination.

Tom was guided to a speedy decision by several considerations. To antagonize this man might mean the upsetting of [illegible] their fulfilment; to retain his good will would leave a representative of the adverse interests on the premises, who could frustrate Willard if the latter's schemes really were illegal, but who otherwise would be scarcely likely to interfere. It would be the detective's role to wait and watch, and as John Callis' substitute he would be given excellent opportunities to learn what was going [illegible] down," said Tom presently. As the man obeyed, he stood up and, thrusting his hands into his jacket pockets, quietly surveyed the others.

"It happens," he went on, "that I know your uncle pretty well myself." The man gave him a quick, sharp glance, but said nothing. "I would advise you not to attempt to send that letter ashore. It's my opinion that you can't very well do better by doing just what Willard [illegible]

Any cadavers around here that you've noticed?"

"You're a nice cheerful chap, believe me," retorted Tom. "No, there are none. It can't be Callis, because he's getting well—saw him less than an hour ago."

"Just supposin'," Cornelius went on meditatively, "that Willard is expecting somebody to die—at a given time, [illegible]

"Hang it all!" Tom cut in. "You don't think the man is plotting deliberate murder, do you?"

Cornelius did not say what he thought. He sat considering.

"Well," he said at last, riding, "I guess I'll have to take your word for it that everything is all right until I see different. But a coffin—that's a bit ambiguous—it don't look good to me." Whereupon he took his departure.

Shortly after nightfall Tom saw Willard and the man Cornelius board the launch and go ashore, and he watched them with a quickened sense of anticipation.

"If that sleuth is worth a darn, he reflected, "now is his chance to get word to Flint."

He did not witness their return, but about an hour later he had a glimpse of Cornelius and one of the other young men seated in the rear cockpit—blanket and jumpers, like a pair of stevedores.

Somewhere around half-past nine, the coffin-shaped box came over the gangway.

But now, instead of two men, all four of Willard's retainers were carrying it. Indeed, it would scarcely be too much to say that they staggered with it, so heavy had it grown, and so marked was the contrast between the ease and indifference with which it had been brought aboard, and the extreme caution with which it was now [illegible]

Willard's patent explosive flashed into Tom's mind. "After all, was it not possible that he was about to perpetrate some appalling disaster, and that Helen and Jessie had been won over to whatever extreme mistaken principles he justified his conduct by, so that they too believed them to be noble and high-minded? With an imminent sense of the man's powerful individuality strong upon him, the [illegible]

ed a nunoreetion.

With no clearly defined purpose in mind, he instantly swung down the gangway, as they began to negotiate the difficult descent of the accommodation-steps.

"You need more help there, don't you?" he [illegible]

Without waiting for a reply, he suddenly extended arm.

"No, no," he returned quickly. "These men have been carefully instructed. I know just how they want to do it."

Nevertheless it was with a disquieting feeling of apprehension that he [illegible]

[illegible] before, it went down-stream instead of across to the landing.

What was the meaning of it all, anyhow? What strange operations were going on in his very presence that he should remain so ignorant of them?

He walked aft to the taffrail, upon [illegible] vanished, until round by a touch upon his arm and the voice of Jessie Willard. She spoke with an agitation that had an [illegible]

"Captain Phinney, do you know where Miss Carew is?"

"Why, I haven't seen her all evening," he returned. "I supposed she was in [illegible]

"She's not in her room!" she cried. "I thought she was, but she has not been. Neither have I seen her—not since dinner."

"Didn't she go ashore?" Jessie pressed [illegible]

"No," Tom replied.

[illegible] while they stood staring helplessly into [illegible] lized the significance of the girl's absence, neither of them afterwards ever knew. [illegible] had been very likely [illegible] chi conceal [illegible]

[illegible] brought nothing to light. Tom scarcely noted an elderly lady who joined them and in a soothing manner, tried to compose the almost hysterical girl.

As for Tom, he was from the very first torn with an awful, unspeakable fear, but he acted with a dispatch and directness that left no possibility neglected.

Their own hurried but nevertheless [illegible] quite thoro search proving ineffective, all hands were called, and the Kohinur had such a far-reaching [illegible] as must have brought to light the smallest of lost articles, to say nothing of a young lady.

Then, in flat-out defiance of express instructions, both searchlights were brought into play, and explored with fingers of dazzling light every inch of the river's [illegible] the Kohinur's boats plied hither and thither in the quest.

But it was all of no use; not the slightest trace of the missing girl was to be found. Yet Jessie, with her elderly companion, hoping in the face of despairing certainty, watched and waited until the last boat returned. Tearful, she questioned the men, who shook their heads in silence and went their way.

The girl's overwrought nerves gave way as Tom, haggard and almost frenzied, approached. Clinging to the [illegible] woman, she sank weakly into a deck-chair, her body convulsed with sobs.

"Aunt Jo," she gasped, "we must tell Mr. Phinney—everything."

The lady held her obvious agitation and distress under admirable control, and she was still trying to soothe the distracted girl when Tom arrived.

"Yes, yes, we must tell him—take him [illegible] into [illegible] she returned. "But you must try to compose yourself, my dear. Captain Phinney will assist you to your room."

"Oh, Aunt Jo! Aunt Jo!" moaned Jessie. "We shall never see her again! I can't stand it! Papa, oh, why——" The words were lost in a sudden unconquerable fit of weeping.

At this juncture Tom was awakened from his hopeless lethargy, by a hail from the river, and on to the head of the accommodation-steps, where Mercer [illegible]

"Who is it?" demanded Tom, brushing his mate aside.

"That you, Mr. Phinney?" a familiar voice came up out of the darkness. "This is Flint."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT THE BOX [illegible]

J[illegible]

[illegible] director's meeting, of which already he had been notified.

Midnight approached like the termination of a sentry's winter vigil, and as Rudolph deemed it unsafe to slip from his seat near the long table's foot and find [illegible] any interruption to the oratory was interesting.

Cornelius noiselessly approached the head of the table and held a whispered colloquy with the host. Then, as Mr. Van Vechten nodded, the butler stole away, and the man who [illegible]

"Gentlemen," said he, "some of our [illegible] have not forgotten the occasion [illegible] something that will commemorate this happy event in a fitting manner." And much more to the same effect.

The space was cleared in the center of the long table and the box was deposited thereon. The porters with-drew [illegible]

[illegible] human endeavor, was not an inspiriting center-piece, nor was it in harmony [illegible] with the temper of the evening, but [illegible] drivers, and, amid an expectant hush, [illegible]

The disclosure, coming as it did into [illegible] humor, was realized only reluctantly; for the box did not belie what it suggested. It really contained a coffin; one distinguished by its elegant cream-colored silk-plush covering and pure [illegible] tension handles were of the same metal, as was also the name-plate. Upon this latter was a single engraved line:

"THE TIME LOCK."

With the injection into the banquet of an element so sensational and startling, Rudolph Van Vechten's desire to depart vanished; he was not unaffected by the excitement that stirred the rest [illegible] ers, chilled, curiously [illegible] them a large oblong box.

The lid was lifted, and there halted [illegible] long silent effort while Mr. Van Vechten arose and, in his unpassioned manner, addressed his guests.

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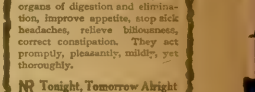

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of the company. But presently he observed that the incident conveyed a special meaning to certain of those present—particularly to his uncle.

Was the whole thing a huge practical joke?

The Man of Iron pointed out that if it was, it must have been an expensive one for the perpetrator. Then came the suggestion of an infernal machine, and once more a hush fell upon the gathering.

Those men, however, were not lacking in courage. Very cautiously the casket was removed from the box, the box taken away, and the former was given the place of honor.

In the silence that accompanied this operation a distinct ticking sound, emanating from the casket, was plainly audible, and the diners, some of them overturning chairs in their haste, recoiled along the walls, where they stood staring in horror at this unwelcome prefiguration of the grave.

At this moment a quiet voice was heard to say:

"Carefully, gentlemen; a slight jar might prove distressing."

The company turned to behold a man of impressive appearance. He might have been there all the time and had seen him previously that night. His white hair, his smooth-shaven, finely wrinkled face, his magnetic eyes, were all a part of a commanding personality, and it was no more than natural that he should be looked to for an explanation of the episode.

Perfectly composed, there was no mistaking the fact that he completely dominated the situation.

Van Vechten noted that his uncle recognized in a moment that the Man of Iron's attitude all at once became one of tense, alert watchfulness.

"If I am not mistaken," he implied many to follow his example, the stranger consulted his watch; an average declaration of no particular significance—"and the time at twelve minutes till midnight."

He advanced to the table, from which everybody else shrank as far as the confines of the vast room permitted, and laid a hand upon the casket, glancing once more at the watch which still held in the other hand, he quietly remarked:

"Gentlemen, this coffin contains enough dirdite to wipe New York off the face of the earth. Connected with one of the little locks, set to detonate the explosive at midnight precisely." His closing regard met Theodore Van Vechten's, as he added:

"No one better than you knows how effective it is to work without a hitch."

A clock, could be plainly heard. A moment he went on:

"I shall not take the liberty to apologize for this interruption of your festivities," he added, glancing at the clock, "only ten minutes stands between this moment and midnight.

"But, as briefly as possible, I want to make it clear to you that I am responsible for the occasion that has brought you together here. With my perfected time-lock and permanganate steel—the only metal that will withstand the oxyhydric flame—combined with Theodore Van Vechten's business talent and his commanding position, wherefrom he can persuade every one of the financial institutions of the country to purchase an Atlas safe, whether they want it or not, the concern's initial year has been a phenomenally prosperous one.

"You gentlemen who are fortunate to be associated with Atlas safes, and Theodore Van Vechten, are reaping the harvest; I get nothing—the inventor's portion.

"The time-lock—the Atlas safe, in fact—is mine; it is the creature of my brain. Not only that, but my invention been given a definite value by Mr. Van Vechten's financial genius, but that same genius devised a way to strip me of my share of the proceeds. So it is that I am not an invited guest here tonight.

"They gave me a business acumen I was frozen out of the company, and it did not take long to discover that every avenue of legal redress was closed to me. Please bear in mind that fact.

"Then what remained for me?" The brilliant eyes swept the wondering audience. "I elected to accept the situation as Theodore Van Vechten willed it, or recover my rights by force.

"Now, gentlemen, within year I have been robbed of a fortune. I am not seeking vengeance—no, no; nothing of that kind. Justice and compensation. I have spent months in preparing for tonight; more than once my secret operations have nearly met with shipwreck, and you must realize that I come here fully determined to exact the uttermost farthing of my dues, or else not one of you will live to enjoy them. Call it blackmail, call it a hold-up, call it whatever you will, the fact is that I am here to enforce—not to beg or ask, mind you—but to enforce a distribution of my share of the profits of the Atlas Safe Company, and my reinstatement into the position of superintendent of which I have been unjustly deprived—"

Theodore Van Vechten had gradually returned to the head of the table, and he now stood with his hands on the back of his chair, composedly regarding the speaker. The latter's eyes met the Man of Iron's intent look, and he added:

"—or else I shall annihilate every one of you and myself." He looked at his watch again.

"You all understand. You have just six minutes within which to make up your minds."

The bated stillness that fell upon the assemblage was of the sort that follows sudden death, when men look face to face with death in some terrible guise. It was a stillness that was accentuated by the regular clock-like ticking, which seemed as if the lifeless occupant of the beautiful casket, having gone before, was numbering the seconds for those who were soon to follow, and all eyes were glued to it in a fascination from which

But the Man of Iron was not of the stuff that is easily frightened—else he would not have been the Man of Iron. He was taken unawares and rendered bewildered—as who would not have been?—but he was first to recover himself. His voice rang out with an authoritative command that the casket be removed.

The intruder, with one hand still lying lightly at an end of the handsome casket, the other still holding his watch, calmly interposed:

"Just a moment—if you please. I have only to press a trifle harder upon this bit of ornament and the explosion will be precipitated. I trust—for your sakes; I don't care so much for myself—that you will not force me to such an extreme.

"However, I have come here prepared for any turn. If ANYBODY else is not to be recognized, then it is a matter of indifference to me whether I destroy myself along with the rest of you. I prefer not to do so, of course; but I give you my word, at the first movement of opposition I shall terminate this unpleasant scene."

An impulsive movement of Theodore Van Vechten's was followed by a gasp of horror; for the stranger was so self-possessed and determined that nobody doubted his dispassionate declaration. It was only too obvious that he would do to the last extreme exactly what he said he would.

The Man of Iron's fists suddenly clinched, and he took a step toward the speaker. The man's magnetic eye turned upon him with a steady, inscrutable look.

"Theodore Van Vechten," the quiet voice went on, "it lowers the high feeling of respect and admiration which I entertain for your genius to see you choose the role of fool now."

"Max Willard," retorted Van Vechten evenly, "you know me well enough to recognize that I cannot be coerced; so it is you who are playing the part of fool. Can't you see that this means your utter ruin?"

Said the other: "Everything that human agency can accomplish toward that end has been done—by you, Theodore. And now, just one more chance. Your niece has been missing for some time, has she not?"

Theodore Van Vechten started. The inventor went on:

"I merely want to add that—in addition to a well-calculated charge of wilhardite—she, too, is in this casket—alive at this moment." Again he glanced at his watch. "It is precisely two minutes until twelve."

Nothing was to be heard save the regular ticking, each pulsation marking off one more fateful second. The two men—Max Willard, cool and steadfast in his purpose; Theodore Van Vechten, an image of power and indomitability—looked long into each other's eyes.

With a quick movement, Willard's hand slid to another part of the casket. It could be seen that he pressed a trifle harder. The whole thing fell apart into the shape of a davenport.

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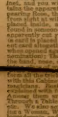

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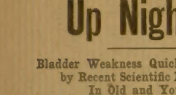

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thus disclosed, clad in a white yachting costume which, in its present setting might well have been the cerements of the dead, her hands clasped lightly and naturally upon her bosom, reposed a beautiful young girl. Her glowing hair afforded the one mark of vivid color against the ivory and dull gold of the casket and the pallor of the huge table's spotless napery.

The ticking still continued.

Pointing to the satin pillow upon which the fair head rested, Max Willard said briefly:

"The willardite is there." Once more he glanced at his watch, with an indifferent air, and snapped it shut. "One minute till twelve," he announced.

There was a sudden cry from one of the guests, an involuntary outburst of alarm—an indication that strained nerves were giving under the tension. Rudolph, unconsciously doubling his neighbor's arm in a vise-like grip, called to his uncle:

"Uncle Theodore, it is about to strike twelve!"

The Man of Iron made a little gesture with one hand, but his general manner unchanged, he said to Willard:

"Stop that thing."

"You mean?" returned Willard, hastily feeling with deft fingers among the padded cushions. His hands found a certain position and hovered in an attitude of readiness. The harrowing clockwork ticked on.

"That you win," announced the Man of Iron, shortly.

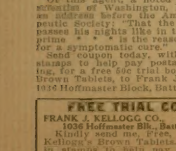
The clockwork ceased like a period to this utterance. Mr. Van Vechten returned to his place at the head of the table.

It was characteristic of the regard in which the Man of Iron was universally held that there was no doubt in any one's mind as to the correctness of his decision. He might take any advantage of you in what he was pleased to regard as business, but he would not play open warfare; but his word once passed, and he was bound irrevocably.

Whatever the feeling Willard may have felt, it was not betrayed by any sign. A slow movement of one hand swept back the hair from the left side of his forehead, and again he addressed Mr. Van Vechten, who was watching him narrowly.

"For Miss Carew's sake," he said, "a word or two of explanation is necessary. This young lady has been placed, by all the circumstances, with a complete understanding of how my daughter and I had been wronged by you, and she was in full sympathy with my plans, but has lent me an active, material support.

"To a certain extent, however, I have taken an unfair advantage of her trust and confidence. But when I am



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until he brought up against the wall.

Tom Phinney was standing just inside the doorway, taking in the scene. Beside him stood Mr. Flint.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE KOHINUR GOES TO SEA.

IT WAS not long until all the loose ends were brought together. Jessie Willard's aunt, Mrs. Devereaux, had been the acting spirit in getting the scheme for restitution to Doder way, because—until she had induced him to do so—Max Willard had been loath to accept his old friend Temple Bonner's assistance.

In the beginning, the one thing clear to all of them had been the fact that the Man of Iron was protected by an invulnerable legal barrier, and that if redress was to be obtained at all,it must be accomplished by means of some surprising coup that would catch the magnate amid such conditions that he could not refuse to accede. Thus it was that Josephine Devereaux, on the strength of old ties of sentiment and friendship, had readily enlisted Temple Bonner's financial aid.

This same lady had experienced little difficulty in securing Phil Mercer's sympathy—particularly after Paige had met and become acquainted with Jessie. She had counseled with Willard for moral support, believing that her participation in the plot was to extend no farther than a "moral appearance," which Max Willard was supposed to utilize in some indefinite manner for his own purposes. The culminating circumstance, in which she had played so conspicuous a part, he had kept to himself, knowing that her willing co-operation could not be expected.

Thru Barnicle, Paige had kept in touch with her movements, and had also had the valet's account of Rudolph's condition that had so agitated her on the night she and Mr. Clairemont accompanied by Phil Mercer.

The intelligence that Paige had brought back to Jessie's apartment, anxious and anxious over her abandonment of Van Vechten to Callis, had driven the girl distracted.

When Paige's purse was missed after the flight from Number 1313, Jessie had volunteered to return and recover it, if possible, as her errand was likely to attract attention or to be interfered with. Callis, who had been annoying her with his entreaties, and whose persistent ruthless nature had all along been a source of anxiety and alarm to Willard, had followed her.

The death of Jim O'Neill, and Tom Phinney's subsequent accidental intrusion at Rocky Cove—hence the consternation of Callis—had left the latter the only one to keep her head, and she, after recognizing Tom, had resolved the difficulty in the most practical manner.

It was Jessie from Van Vechten and Tom had seen arrive at the Silent House, Sunday, in a taxi-cab.

The death of O'Neill was the first of a sequence of accidents that plunged Max Willard into hot water almost at the moment when he was successful in his undertaking. O'Neill had answered the advertisement blindly; but as soon as he stepped under the threshold of Number 1313 he had been recognized as the traitorous employe of Willard's who had intercepted the Kohinur, stolen the drawings and metal formulae to Theodore Van Vechten. In the fight that followed Callis attempted to force death on O'Neill, only a few minutes later, had been rendered unconscious. In falling, he had fractured a temple, and thus received his death wound.

Tom had drawn Paige off to the embrasure of one of the library's curtained bay windows.

"What in the world is the matter with you?" the girl remonstrated in amazement. "You look as a pirate."

Tom did not heed. His eyes were unnaturally bright and he was breathing heavily.

"Listen!" he cautioned in a whisper. He could not repress his excitement. "That's Jessie Willard's voice—Miss Willard, I mean. She and Mrs. Devereaux came with us from the Kohinur. Something's happened. I can't make out much noise! I want you to hear what they are saying."

Jessie was a trifle frightened. She and the detective were standing by one of the big tables. He was holding in one hand a pocket memorandum-book, and talking in his quiet way.

Paige, with her head close to Tom's, peered thru the curtains. They heard Mr Flint say:

"I am not often controlled by impulse, Willard, but at this time I am struck me that the occasion might come when this would form a rather interesting document."

"What is it?" demanded Jessie. "You frighten me."

Mr. Flint cleared his throat.

"If I have your permission, I will read you something," said he; then he fixed his attention upon the memorandum-book, and continued:

"Nothing in the world could be more absurd than to imagine the girl I saw being engaged in anything criminal, or even entertaining a suspicion that she may be surrounded by a criminal atmosphere. She is young; she is beautiful, she is refined and gentle; the stamp

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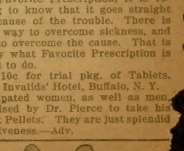

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purity and adherence to right ideals is
Absolute in her consistency. When
comes of your investigations, you
find to be unqualifiedly true all that
now assert concerning her.'"
He methodicalely closed the book,
apped the rubber band around it, and
turned it to his pocket, while Jessie
ared at him in blank amazement.
"That," Mr. Flint pursued, his eyes
flickering in a smile, "is what Mr. Ru-
dolph Van Vechten told me at a time
when I honestly believed you to be a
spy."
After reciting the circumstances, he
went on:
"You see, I hadn't Mr. Van Vechten's
faith. I had never seen you, and ap-
pearances were against the correctness
of his estimate—in which case I meant
to show him these words."
Jessie's breathing fast; her eyes
were very bright and their regard was
very steady.
"And if you had been wrong?" she
asked.
The creases at the corners of Mr.
Flint's eyes deepened.
"Why, I felt that he would need a
champion, and I determined to bring the
memorandum to you. You know now,
that from the very first, at least one
person has retained a firm belief in the
innocence and purity of your motives."
The two in the bay window could see
the color rush to Jessie's cheeks; she
blushed furiously.
"Have you," she said falteringly,
"shown this to—to him?"
"He doesn't even know that I possess
such a thing."
The girl's eyes were dewy. Her voice
lowered.
"Then," said she, "this is your way of
telling me that all your doubts are re-
moved. Thank you."
"Well," returned the impassive de-
tective, "that's one way of looking at
the matter. If Mr. Rudolph's judgment
had been in error, I would just as freely
have shown you the reminder to him. . . .
Here he comes now."
Van Vechten came eagerly forward and
took the girl's hands into his. Mr. Flint
slipped unobtrusively away.
"Jessie—Jessie Willard," said Van
Vechten, "we do not have to wait the
week; I am more eager now than ever.
I understand everything now, dearest."
Very deliberately she disengaged her
hands, looking at him desperately.
"Truly?" she said with an evident ef-
fort at sarcasm. "You seem indeed to
be very sure of yourself."
He caught her hands again, and as her
head drooped, drew her toward him. . . .
"Sure of myself?" he exclaimed. "Why,
God bless you, you goose! It's all up to
you, girl. . . . What was that!"
It was Paige Carew trying—vainly—to
break Jessie from Van Vechten's ecstatic
bear-like hug. Swinging her clear from
the floor and between the curtains, they
stood confronting the dumfounded gaze
of the other two.
"Looky here, Ruddy," said Tom. "Mr.
Willard's got a yacht on his hands that
he has no use for whatever; what's the
matter with the four of us—"
"The very thing!" Van Vechten de-
cisively interrupted, looking intently at
Jessie Willard. Jessie averted her gaze,
and her color mounted again.
"And listen here," Tom went on eager-
ly. "She's all ready to put to sea—
steam's up this minute—supplies all on
board—crew's drawing pay for loafing—
why, Moses and green spectacles! it
would be an outrage not to take ad-
vantage of such an opportunity! What
do you think?"
What otherwise could Paige and Jessie
think? Here was an argument that
even a woman could not successfully op-
pose. And so, the next day, the Kohinur
weighed anchor, dropped down the river,
and by sunset had lost the Statue of
Liberty behind her.
The End.

A Day's Doings.

AFTER you've been out on the range
a-firing all day—
And you've hiked three miles back
thru the unsettled dust—
After you've had a nice, warm, con-
genial shower—
And you've established friendly re-
lations with the night mess—
After you've washed your mess-kit—
And you've borrowed a match and
touched off a dry cigarette—
Then, friend,
You've reached the crest of your
trajectory.—French and Camp.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY
stores? Our proposition is better. Let us
tell you how you can start in business.
Groceries, Provisions, an entire line of Groceries,
Tea and Spices, Roofing, Stock Dips, Auto-
mobile and Machinery Oils and Greases. No
cost to you. No investment in stock. Large
orders taken from samples. Goods of guaran-
teed and proven quality. Selling experience not
necessary. Very profitable work for "before."
Address, Hitchcock Mill Co., Dept. 218, Chi-
cago, Ill., Reference, any bank or express
company.

WANTED SALESMEN TO SELL OUR LINE
of novelty screw drivers to hardware, agricul-
tural goods, drug and general merchandise
trades. Liberal commissions and large sales
can be made by live salesman who will
make all or part time. Address M. Edelmann &
Co., 252 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—NEW CARBURETOR FOR FORD
Simple, not a moving part, installed in
minutes. Guaranteed to double your
mileage and start in zero weather. Write
Carburetor Co., Sta. Two-two, Toledo, Ohio.

$30 WOMAN IN EACH COUNTY TO
take our great wax history. Millions will
be sold. Spare moments only. Franklin
Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARAN-
teed hosiery. For men, women and children.
Must wear or replace free. Outfit free. Agents
getting wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co.,
2100 Dayton, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.
Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly
mending leaks in all kinds of hot water bottles,
free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amster-
dam, N. Y.

A LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE-
sentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery,
neckwear, sweater shirts, direct to wearer. Write
for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broad-
way, New York City.

AGENTS—A NEW LINE; HARPER'S FIBRE
Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined.
Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy
seller. Write for territory. Harper Brush
Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS — FYE'S A NEW SOAP GAME
that is a winner. 100% profits. Write
Sample and full layout free. Write quick.
Lavaseptic Co., Sta. 1, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS—OUR "COMPLETE HISTORY OF
the War." Now ready. Best terms. Write to-
day for outfit. Nichols Co., Dept. B, Nas-
perville, Ill.

AGENTS: LEARN ABOUT THE PROFITS
in supplying farmers direct by catalog.
Leffer Co., 750 Walton, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED, 18 TO 60, TO
fill thousands of vacancies and new posi-
tions in Government service at Washington and
elsewhere; $1,000 to $2,500 yearly; short prac-
tical work; easy hours, paid vacations. Quick
appointments. Write (not today, but NOW) for
listing positions. Washington Civil Service
School, 1045 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

UNCLE SAM WANTS MEN—WOMEN—
girls, 18 or over as government clerks,
$75 month. Steady work. Common education;
positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. T37,
Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OF-
fice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere
soon; prepare by former Government
civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur
Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

$200 MONTH — CHAUFFEURS.
$25 week. Sample lessons free. Write
Franklin Institute, Dept. T 321, Rochester,
N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,
$140-$200. Colored porters by railroads
everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 656 Ry.
Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-
necessary. Travel; make secret investiga-
tions, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-
Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-
tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Lud-
wig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

MEN-BOYS WANTED—SECRET SERVICE
detectives. World's greatest profession. Re-
sponsible earn $170.00 weekly. Course, $1. Write
immediately. Emerson Manning, Tappahan-
nock, Virginia.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES
to travel, demonstrate and sell well known
goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00
per week; railroad fare paid; money advanced
for traveling expenses. Address at once, Good-
rich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

THOUSANDS WOMEN—GIRLS, 18 OR OVER,
month. Pleasant work. Quick raise. Fast
positions free. Write Mokaska, Franklin
Institute, Dept. T78, Rochester, N. Y.

PEACE WORK AT WAR PAY GUARAN-
teed for three months. Knitters needed;
socks for us on the fast, simple Auto-Knitter.
Full particulars for stamp. Auto-Knitter Hosi-
ery Co., Dept. 78 C, 321 Jefferson, Buffalo, N. Y.

$6.00 TO $18.00 A DOZ. DECORATING PIL-
low tops at home; experience unnecessary;
particulars for stamp. Yamaha Tapestry Paint
Co., Desk 12, La Grange, Ind.

$100 MONTH EASILY MADE. START
dress designing business in your house.
Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept.
T 355, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5.00 A MONTH MAY BRING RICHES IN
new Kentucky oil fields. $5 per cent of
wells get oil. Thousands of men rich, many
yet undeveloped. No stock selling. Investors
actually own property and profits. Properly safe-
guarded plan secures quiet deal and unlim-
ited possibilities. Cash or payments. Write
for book, "Kentucky Oil Fields Exposed," free.
Sites, Shareholders Association, 122 So. 12th
St., Louisville, Ky.

RESULTS COUNT. $1 DOES IT. PROFITS
may prove $200 or more monthly. Bank
references furnished. We invite a thorough
investigation. Maps, reports, established facts
and figures. Marketable Texas Oil Co., 546
DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

SILVER MINES MAKING MILLIONAIRES
through small investments. Address, Mid-
west Investment Bloom, 1000 Security Bldg., Min-
apolis, Minn.

FREE 3 MONTHS TO GET ACQUAINTED.
The Western Miner, 2545 W. 27th Avenue,
Denver, Colo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS
for new magazine. Manuscripts examined.
Handwritten mss. acceptable. Send mss. to
Woman's National Magazine, 417, Washington,
D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE
write music; guarantee publisher's accept-
ance. Submit poems on patriotic, love or any
subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn
St., Suite 106, Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE
your property, write John J. Black, 76th
St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

ENJOY A WEEK-END EXCURSION TO
our 40,000 acres of hardwood land in Michi-
gan's best counties. General farming, stock,
dairying, poultry. Land high and dry. No
stones, fine water, mild climate. Only $15 to
$30 per acre; easy monthly terms. Any size
tract. Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X1345
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois.

FARM IN FLORIDA

FARM IN FLORIDA—GROW BIG MONEY
crops in midwinter; peanuts, vegetables,
cattle, hogs; 2 to 4 crops a year; land cheap;
climate delightful; no cold blasts; learn "The
Truth About Florida;" send 25 cents for 8
weeks' trial subscription to Florida's big farm
journal. Address the Florida Grower, Box
W-3, Tampa, Fla.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM—$5 CASH AND $5
monthly; no interest or taxes. Gently roll-
ing, highly productive, no wet waste land.
Near railroad, markets, mines, mills, churches,
good schools and churches. Close to good rail-
roads. Write today for free booklet. Ozarks
Land Co., 1,222 Commonwealth Building, St. Louis, Mo.

$25 EASY TO MAKE $62. DIRECT FROM
manufacturers—complete moving picture
theatre outfits—machines, supplies, films,
etc., furnished. Easy installments. Operating
instructions free. Catalog and booklet free.
Free catalog. Dept. M9, Monarch Film Serv-
ice, 223 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS
business. Openings everywhere. Small
capital starts you. Machines sold on easy
installments. No experience needed. Our ma-
chines are used and endorsed by Government
institutions. Catalog free. Mutoscope &
Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FEATHER BEDS

NEW 36-LB. FEATHER BEDS, $13.95. A
pair $26.50. Pillows, $3.45. New,
live, clean, sanitary feathers. Best ticking.
Money back guarantee. Write for Free
catalog. Agents wanted. American Feather &
Pillow Co., Desk 431, Nashville, Tenn.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR
no pay. Remedy sent on trial. Write for
trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

LATEST SONG HITS

FRISCO SONG HITS DIRECT FROM PUB-
lishers: Six snappy foxtrot, one-step &
waltz song for 25c. Gillick Co., San Fran-
cisco, Calif.

COAL

LUMP COAL AT A DOLLAR A TON. PAR-
ticulars for stamped addressed envelope.
B. & C. Company, Box 1, Goodhope, Ill.

AVIATION

AEROPLANES WON THE WAR! BECOME
an aeroplane mechanic. Learn how to build
aeroplanes, manufacturers and the Government
need trained men. Let us teach you how to
build your own airplane. Our course in prac-
tical aeroplane construction qualifies you. We
have taught hundreds of others, we can teach
you. Be successful and get into this fascinating
work only. Write for illustrated, booklet, "D
L." U. S. Aero School, 1140 Bay, New York.

OLD COINS WANTED

WATCH YOUR CHANGE FOR OLD COINS.
We buy all coins. We pay $10.00 for
certain large cents. We offer cash premiums
on thousands of coins. Send 4c. for our large
illustrated coin circular. It will pay you. Send
now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 13, Fort Worth,
Texas.

INVENTIONS

HAVE YOU A PRACTICAL INVENTION
for sale? Send details to Fisher Mfg. Co.,
44, St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPECIAL!!! INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISE-
ment, 100 magazines, thrice, $5.00. Wood's
Service, Atlantic City, N. J.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLAD-
der troubles, Rheumatism, backache, nervousness,
tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to
urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer
any longer but write us for free symptom
blank and advice. Rimo Medical Institute, 27
Washington Ave., North Minneapolis, Minn.

NERVE FORCE—IF YOU ARE UNDER A
Nervous Strain, lack Nerve Force, Power
or Energy, and are Subject to Excessive Drains
on the Nervous System, try Winchester's Spe-
cific Pills. $1.00 per box, by mail. Lit-
erature free. Winchester & Co. (Dist. 50 years),
Box D 147, Mount Vernon, New York.

INDIGESTION AND HEART TROUBLE IN-
stantly relieved by wearing my medicated
ring. Price $1; money refunded if not satisfied
F. Snyder, 200 West 121st St., N. Y. City.

DON'T SUFFER WITH STOMACH TROU-
ble. Tablets relieves instantly. Trial free.
Dr. Mayhew, W-1647, Lathrop Ave., Detroit,
Mich.

PATENTS

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY
be valuable. Free book tells what to in-
vent and how to obtain a patent. References:
Bank, Talbert & Talbert, 1418 Talbert Build-
ing, Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

MEN—EKTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO RE-
store strength to the weak, nervous, weak, run-down and despondent condi-
tions that accompany sexual weakness. Writ-
ing if not cured. Write for free book. Com-
mercial Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nash-
ville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONSENTAL PRO-
file, Wealthy, from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking
early marriage; descriptions free. Special in-
ductions free. Sealed, Elite, Box 769, Kansas
City, Missouri. Call Tech, Branch-
lake, Ill.

MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN COR-
respondence with thousands of charming
and refined ladies who wish to marry, many
worth $2,000 to $50,000 and upwards.
Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 558,
Kansas City, Mo.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; RE-
member, we cure chronic, nervous, blood,
and private diseases. Varicocele, Blood,
symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr.
Morse, 1424 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL
ladies; descriptions and directory, pay
when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21,
Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH
photos and descriptions. Pay when
married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas
City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; MOST SUCCESSFUL
"home maker;" hundreds rich; confiden-
tial; particulars free. Call or write "The Success-
ful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST
in country, established 15 years. Thousands
wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reli-
able Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY! SEND 10c FOR COPY OF BIG
directory containing hundreds of opportu-
nities, ads., names and addresses. World's Mar-
ket, Dept. B, Beaumont, Texas.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL
magazine published mailed free. Ladies
Home Journal, American Distributor,
Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

MARRY—THOUSANDS LONELY, CONGEN-
ial members, worth $10,000 to $50,000. Many
Descriptions free. Ralph Hyde, San Francisco,
Cal.

SUCCESS—KEY TO POWER. SPECIAL
offer 20c. M. Richey, P. O. Box 447, Hous-
ton, Texas.

NEGRO WANTS A WIFE, BROWN OR YEL-
low; healthy; no children, and industrious.
Wm. Ellis, 217 West 3rd St., San Angelo, Tex.

REAL PHOTOS!—FAMOUS ARTIST MOD-
el poses from life. Sample 10c. Simpson
Co., Winthrop, W. Va.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA-
per published. Free for stamp. Correspon-
dent, Toledo, Ohio.

6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlingtons aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority. A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand [illegible] and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

21-Jewel Burlington $2.50 *a Month*

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the ***rock-bottom-direct-price***—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay us.

See It First! You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you on approval. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 9018
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

Write for Booklet

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 9018, Chicago, Ill.